Toronto Saturday Night.

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Around Town.

John Bailey Freeman sat in the Ontario Legislature for North Norfolk since 1879 and was re-elected last June. He was a strong supporter of the government and for eight years had been the party whip. Last week he crossed the ethereal floor upon which the noiseless spheres touch in their orbits around the Center of Power, and his spirit to-day looks down on the little game of politics and wonders why we mortals can be concerned in anything so trifling. John B. Freeman was a popular man; everybody seemed to like him. In his constituency and in the Legislature everybody seemed to trust him. He was kindly in his manner, never a harsh critic, pleasant to look upon, manly in his bearing, unassuming and yet with a certain dignity which won him respect. He was not, as a daily paper has said, a great man, but, unlike most popular men in the ordinary sense of the phrase, his presence in public life was a good thing for the country. I am sorry he is dead. He was only fifty-six years old and in appearance was much younger. He was my friend and I liked him always though politically we did not always agree. About six months ago I wrote about a fishing party on the Georgian Bay. He was one of our number, the kindliest, gentlest soul of them all. It was not the first time we had had a picnic together but fate has decreed that it must be the last. A man must be almost great who leaves so many sorrowing friends behind him, but this does not impress me as does the thought of the domestic sorrow, the anguish in the home from which John B. Freeman has been carried away and in which he must be hereafter represented only by memory, for he was one of those men whom men like and whom women and children must adore. Good-bye, old friend, I have no fears but that the great God will be good to you.

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Talking about popular men, or rather men who can be easily popularized, I am rather losing my faith in their worth. By the way, who is the popular man? Ordinarily is he not the one against whom nothing serious can be said or for whom no great boasts can be made? As a rule the man who is esteemed popular by conventions that meet to select candidates for public office, is of a very negative character. He has never earned the title of "crank" by an honest and whole souled advocacy of a principle, he has never made enemies by denouncing the conduct of others for the simple reason that the conduct of others, who were not making or unmaking his prospects, was quite immaterial to him; he is a man who has not gotten into disrepute by having been overwhelmed by either passion or impulse, not that he lacks either, but because he has been cunning enough to escape detection, and being detected as you know is the unpardonable sin. When he is a candidate nothing can be quoted against him, because up to that point he had been unimportant and unobserved. During the campaign he has tact and cunning to prevent him from saying anything which may alienate votes, and, by the way, this is an easy task for a man who makes a point of saying nothing worth listening to.

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I make a difference between the popular man and the man who is easily popularized. The really popular man is active, aggressive, and has a following. He is capable of leading people to do the things he desires, unless that desire has any connection with his own personal ambition, when almost invariably he fails. For instance, the popular man can make and unmake other men, but he can't make himself. Whenever he tries to do anything for himself, his aggressiveness, past and present, rises up against him, and his enemies are certain to be well armed with material which, by misrepresentation or the altered condition of affairs, will enable them to wound him. You have noticed that the great political leaders are forced to represent the strongholds of their party. They are utterly useless as champions to redeem the evenly-balanced constituencies. Their individuality is too strong; they are almost certain to be unpopular at home. When the evenly-balanced constituency is to be redeemed, some milk-and-water person has to be selected, whom the popular leader, or popular writer, or popular speaker proceeds to popularize. There is nothing serious against him and the skilful man who really knows how to touch the chords of the heart can make his neighbors think he is absolutely great, and it is in this way so many poor weak creatures have gotten into public life. Yet they are called the popular men, while those who have made them popular and who are the real leaders of the people are reputed as clever but "unpopular."

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We sometimes wonder why Hon. Oliver Mowat should not represent one of the Torontos, why William Mulock, whose philanthropy has just enabled Canada to send a representative to the place where the new cure for consumption has been discovered, why Sir Richard Cartwright, why Gibson of Hamilton, why Edward Blake, why in fact nearly all the leaders and subleaders of political thought cannot be elected at home, why they have been unable to redeem close constituencies abroad. They have too much character. The most popular man in all Canada is Sir John A. Macdonald, yet he has been more than once forced to appeal to the strongholds of his party in order to maintain his place in the House. Yet these are mere examples of the really popular men. Those who are useful in redeeming constituencies and apparently winning big local victories, are negations, men who have nothing against them, nothing for them, but are popularized by those who make a business of it.

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I do not object to the men who make a business of popularizing others, but the longer I live and have opportunities to observe the conduct of public affairs, the more heartily I despise those who make it their business to popularize themselves in the small and selfish way which merely means a retention of prominent or profitable place. There are many examples of such men to be found, men whose prominence depends on election and whose bread and butter depend on re-election, men who are always time-servers and often toadies and traitors! Men who fawn on those who may be of use to them, and spurn those who have served them because they have become dangerous, or at least are no longer valuable. Of such men no great thing can be expected, because the man who does a great act, who brings about a great reform, who accomplishes much for his fellow-man, must make enemies. He must fight those in high places, must destroy those who profit by corruption, must unhorse those who are leaders of evil, and as reprisal and revenge are two of the most enduring instincts, are impulses which chill not with the coming of winter nor warm into friendliness in the heat of summer, so the one who calls to life these baser passions and makes enemies of those who have none but material instincts, must expect to have as his foes those who profit by the prevalence of ignorance or the practice of vice. Popular men of this cheap and worthless sort form a large majority of those who represent the people, and as long as their constitutents can be kept in ignorance or contentment they sail along very nicely and are not lacking in those who esteem them great. It is only when exposure comes, only in a time of danger or when the revival of public interest in public affairs takes place, that the poor tawdry mask is torn from their face and when once they sink into private life they disappear forever from the high places in which they once sat. As a rule they seek to find some profitable berth in which they can be secreted from popular disapproval, and at the same time maintain an official position to satisfy their ambition and provide themselves with bread.

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Until people learn to sink their personal preferences, when selecting public officials, these men who can be popularized for election purposes will continue to hold the balance of power as trustees, not of the people, but of those who manage them. When the electors learn to select men of strong character, men of a well defined individuality, men to whom political wrong-doing is almost an impossibility, they must have as their representatives pulpy, formless, soulless creatures who are but the toys of the stronger minds, who hold the reins. No doubt this condition of affairs will always exist, except when time develops interests which demand a vigorous personal guardianship, then cities and constituencies in which corporations hold the balance of power will by a vigorous effort evolve men capable of filling the place.

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Prof. Goldwin Smith, than whom there is no greater critic amongst us nor anyone with so charming a command of our language, has been the last to express his opinion on the malodorous Birchall question. He says: "That no boy should be sent to college who does not show a decided inclination to study, is the lesson which Birchall preaches to us from a felon's grave." If this rule were closely followed, at least half of our colleges would be closed, as the vast majority of studious youths are found in families which are financially unable "to send to college," and amongst those who are able to give their sons a college education the inclination to study is not so pronounced as to enable the parents to decide as to its genuineness. If only young ladies who had a decided talent and desire for music were to be given lessons on the piano, it would be hard to find anyone in an ordinary company to play an accompaniment, and nine-tenths of the piano factories would be closed. If only those who profit by reading books were to be permitted to open them libraries would be scarce. If only those who are really religious and have a distinct and well defined desire to serve God and benefit their fellowmen were to be admitted to churches, the town hall, no matter how big the city, would hold them all. If only those who could write something worth reading were to edit newspapers and make books, nine out of every ten printing presses would be thrown into the pot as old iron. What the world hopes for is development. Some people ripen young and some arrive at maturity when in years they are old. Some of the worst students have made the best and greatest men, some of the best students have made the worst and most insignificant men. Birchall wrote the most abominable book ever produced in Canada, and did the most craven deed ever done among us, but he showed more literary ability than the average student turned out by our university, and as much education as the average youth acquires at college. What he lacked was not the inclination to study so much as the inclination to behave himself, and I submit that of the vast amount of bad logic the esteemed professor has offered to the public, he has never given us a more vivid example of what seems to be his belief than the sentence I have quoted. It is bad enough to believe that the Creator of the universe selects, predestinates and foreordains a certain number for salvation, and a much larger number for hell, but it is still worse to have the idea that parents are perpetually to sit in judgment on their children, and while controlled by their personal preferences and blinded by love of the firstborn or the beauty of the one who follows, to decide in childhood as to the future of unformed men and women. There is a sort of wheat which is sown in the fall and barely covers with green the brown earth ere the snows of winter whiten the fields. There is another sort which is sown in the spring which is never shrouded in snow, yet these ripen almost together on the same soil, surrounded by the same circumstances, and it is very difficult for parents, the majority of whom are incapable of judging with regard to education, to decide which seed to sow, for they are not prophets and cannot foresee the circumstances, and they are not farmers of the mind and do not understand the art. As I took occasion to remark last week our writers and preachers and doctrinaires deal altogether too much with freaks and not enough with the great mass of humanity.

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The pastor of Old St. Andrew's affects to be a metaphysician and a sort of religious psychologist. Given plenty of time and free access to works which deal in the elucidation of his peculiarities, he evolves a sermon wondrously made. The *Globe* published one of these crazy quilts of rhetoric last Monday and entitled it "Capital Punishment." Probably that was what it was about, but I read it through with unfailing wonder as to where it was going to end, and what it was all about. He dealt with rank, "rank as a means of grace, the expectation of high things from those of rank, the exaltation of noble status, the sacredness of human life, and regulating principles,' according to the subheads of the *Globe*. Just what the listeners thought as to what he was dealing with, I have been unable to find out. The sermon was one of those exceedingly clever things which ordinary people, I presume, are not given to understand. Of course there were fragments which were strong and places where the muscular arm showed through the sleeve. I was very sorry that his reverence did not take his coat off when he went to work at the subject he had in hand. Now here is an important conundrum: "Will not such a division of labor in the body politic prove fatal to its very existence?" The meaning of this, as near as I could gather, was: Could a leader be politically clever and able to lead his party and be morally tainted and unacceptable to the pure people of a nation? I grant the importance of the question. No one who rails against the importance of the purity of the home should be permitted to be a citizen, but I must ask Mr. Milligan to explain why God permitted such men as David, not only to be a leader of the people but to be the mouthpiece of His word? How He came to inspire David to sing those unutterably beautiful Psalms and yet permit him to do worse things than Parnell. He might also give us some explanation with regard to Solomon and the rest of those representatives of Divinity, the best part of whose work has been transmitted to us. It is all right to say that a man should be good all round but will Rev. Mr. Milligan please give us the post office address of this gentleman, and as to the "division of labor" question I must warn him that he is getting on my ground. For years I have been preaching against the idea of dividing up the labor in the churches as it is being done and I have frequently asked the question that he asks, "will it not prove fatal to its very existence?" If politics, which have been ordinarily recognized as a wicked pursuit, a career which means mud up to the knees and filth up to the elbows, be further degraded by permitting men of impure lives to occupy prominent positions, what will happen to the church if it be so conducted that the preacher, his elders and deacons, do all the praying, young people without piety do all the teaching of children, hired singers praise God, an irreligous organist provides the accompaniment and the enthusiasm? "Will not such a division of labor in the body religious prove fatal to its very existence?" If Pastor Milligan believes that a man should be perfect to be a political leader, what must his estimate be of the man fit to be a religious leader? and, by the way, how does he fill the bill? How near the ideal Christian of ye brave old times is the Rev. G. M. Milligan? Is his back bruised by the lashes, or his arms wounded by the fetters or his ankles sore where he has worn the irons? Is his face sallow because he has been unfed, or his eyes red with weeping? No, no, my brethren, the Rev. G. M. is one of the best cared for of us all. And how can he rail at the division of labor? If one man were not to be pious for many he would be out of a job. It is all right. He and his position and his fulfillment of his task are all right. They are limited by human possibilities and the weaknesses to which flesh is heir. He is not a saint. Nobody with any sense expects him to be. But he is no nearer the ideal preacher than the majority of our politicians are near being ideal statesmen. He is just about as near the ideal preacher as our politicians are the ideal statesman. No nearer. People complain of boodle aldermen, boodle politicians. I would like to hear Bro. Milligan on boodle preachers.

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It is proposed to consult the Toronto ratepayers as to the disposal of the street railway franchise, whether it is to be conducted as a private or public enterprise, whether Ashbridge's marsh is to be reclaimed by the city or a syndicate, whether we shall or shall not purchase machinery to furnish additional pumping power, and concerning so many other questions at the next municipal election that the voter will have to prepare himself with views before he goes to vote. This is not to be regretted, as the elector should understand municipal questions, but he should be given plenty of time to study up the problems to be presented to him at the polling booth in order that he may be ready to answer. If I were sure that all this were done with the simple idea of abiding by public opinion I should be glad, but I fear it is but another shelter which is being erected for our municipal governors who of late have shown an extraordinary desire to creep under the barn or something else whenever anything has to be done. That historic spot, those cavernous shades known in the vocabulary vulgar as "under the barn" have never been so densely populated by municipal big wigs as during the past year. There is scarcely room in that arbor of municipal statesmanship for the number of gentlemen who desire to secrete themselves from the adverse winds which are sure to blow when a public question is agitated. All hail the shadowy barn! How kind were the gods when they permitted such a structure to be erected adjacent to the city hall.

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The United States Supreme Court has decided that execution by electricity comes within the limits of legislative propriety. All that now remains is for the lower courts to condemn all the murderous rascals in the United States to that or some other sort of death. I believe with Hall Caine, the author of The Bondman, that we are not killing enough people. He thinks with "Toddle," of immortal memory, that more things should be "all bluggy," that the majority of mankind desire in literature, history, politics, everything, either a certain amount of bloodthirstiness or immorality. Of the two give us that true virility of men which the placid unhealthiness of peace nearly always reacts upon. "As long as mankind is as his kind was created he will be either bloodthirsty or sensual. Religious doctrines, history, everything, proves this. Of the two give us bloodthirstiness. The man who does not care whether he lives or not is less dangerous than the man who does not care what happens so long as he lives and can satisfy his desires. How people are killed, or so long as they are proved to be enemies of the community, just why they are killed, is much less material than the unanswerable conundrum of why some people are let live or how it is that a law has not been found capable of suppressing them. As Hall Caine says: "If we are to have true virility while mankind is mankind, either one passion or the other will create the hero and dominate the race."

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I have received and read with great interest a volume of the chief writings of the late W. A.

Dr. Koch, The Consumption Curer. *From the Pall Mall Budget.*

Foster, Q.C. The book embraces his celebrated address on Canada First, his contributions to the Westminster *Review* on Confederation, Reciprocity, and the New Nationality; the chief Canadian papers of the National Association and selections from the tributes of the press called forth by his death in November, 1888. The introduction is by Prof. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. W. A. Foster. The portrait which forms the frontispiece is an excellent one of Mr. Foster, and is copied from a painting in possession of the National Club. It is to be hoped the book will have a good sale, as it is a valuable addition to Canadian literature. (Hunter, Rose & Co., publishers.) DON.

On Monday the Christmas Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT will be placed in the hands of subscribers and dealers. It has not been the habit of SATURDAY NIGHT to unduly praise itself or even to quote the many complimentary sayings of others, but it can be truthfully said of the Christmas issue that it is exceedingly handsome as well as exceedingly expensive to the publishers. The whole number will be charmingly unlike all publications of its class. It contains 44 pages, and the two 12 color lithographs, which are given as a supplement, are artistically beautiful, and though bright and attractive, will not offend the eye of those who love pictures. These lithographs are very large, 17x24 inches each, and will be a great adornment of the walls of the playrooms. The price of the number is 50 cents, and those who desire it can have it placed in tubes and mailed free of charge by sending that sum to the publishers.

Social and Personal.

The dance at Mrs. FRANK Smith's on Wednesday evening was a decidedly pleasurable one. The majority of those present being either young ladies or those married who danced, the floors were constantly occupied by a merry throng of enthusiastic dancers. The decorations of flowers and palms were exceedingly pretty, and the conservatory, with its mass of brilliant blooms, was an ideal retreat for heated dancers.

Mrs. Smith's gown was of black velvet, with diamond ornaments; Miss Smith wore a gray-and-red shot silk; Mrs. Foy, white silk, with corsage bouquets of orchids; Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, pink silk; Miss Baker of Hamilton, yellow and black; Miss Mackey of Ottawa, red net; Mrs. Torrance, yellow brocade, with gold passementerie, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, white brocade; Mrs. H. K. Merritt, pink satin and chiffon; Mrs. Austin Smith, white with silver trimmings; Mrs. Alfred Cameron, pale blue silk; Mrs. Cosby, pale blue; Mrs. George Crawford, white silk; Mrs. Brouse, pink brocade and black net; Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, pale green crepe; Mrs. McCulloch, green and pink, Mrs. S. Macdonell, gray silk; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, white corded silk trimmed with silver and white chrysanthemums; Miss Milligan, pale blue silk and chiffon, and pink chrysanthemums; Mrs. Willie Iuce, yellow silk; Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, black and pink brocade; Mrs. Bristol, yellow tulle; Mrs. Seymour, pale blue net; Miss Sibyl Seymour, pale green tulle; Miss Cockburn, pale pink; Miss Beatty, green and red; Miss Maude Beatty, white silk; Miss Beaumont, heliotrope silk; Mrs. James Crowther, pale blue; Miss Hodgins, white and silver; Miss Helen Cawthra, pink and pearls; Miss Young of Hamilton, white with pink roses; Miss Michie, black and gold; Miss Bunting, pink and green; Mrs. Dawson, scarlet tulle; Miss Rutherford, mauve silk; Miss Amy Rutherford, yellow silk and tulle; Mrs. Osborne of Brantford, black; Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, pale blue; Miss Hoskins, white silk and tulle; Miss McCarthy, pink silk; Miss Skae, white silk; Miss Foy, black and red; Miss T. Foy, pink crepe; Miss Bethune, pale green; Miss A. Bethune, white net; Miss Hugel, yellow; Miss Brookes of Brockville, pale green silk; Miss Marjorie Campbell, white silk; Miss Strange, pale green; Miss Wilkes, pale pink; Miss Ferguson, pale blue silk with embroidered trimming; Miss Cumberland, pale blue; Mrs. Douglas Armour, white; Mrs. G. Foy, black and gold; Mrs. R. Gamble, yellow silk; Mrs. Hetherington, black; Miss Jones of Prescott, white; Mrs. Harry Patterson, pale blue silk; Miss Walker, white; Miss Pepler of Barrie, black and pink.

The invited guests were: Miss Marjorie Campbell, Miss Strange, Mr. and Mrs. Cawthra, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. H. Greene, Mr. and Mrs. R. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. R. Myles, Mr. and Mrs. Gibson, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Macdonald, Commander and Mrs. Law, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. and Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. and Mrs. Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Capt. and Mrs. Macdougall, Mr. and Mrs. George Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. Cosby, Mr. and Mrs. James Scott, Mr. and Mrs. H. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. W. Ince, Mrs. Stanley Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. William Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. James Crowther, Mr. and Mrs. A. Vankougnet, Mr. and Mrs. P. Rutherford, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Armour, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. and Mrs. John Small, Mr. and Mrs. Murray, Mr. and Mrs. James Murray, Mr. and Mrs. Webster, Mr. and Mrs. James Foy, Mr. and Mrs. G. Foy, Mr. and Mrs. Barlow Cumberland, Mr. and Mrs. A. Smith, Dr. and Mrs. Nattress, Mr. and Mrs. Bristol, Mrs. McDonnell, Mr. and Mrs. Somerville, Mrs. Hetherington, the Misses Beatty, Miss Beaumont, the Misses Cawthra, the Misses Cawthra of Parkdale, Miss Bickford, Miss Temple, Miss Dunbar, Miss Michie, the Misses Gooderham, Miss Drayton, Miss Walker, the Misses Morphy, the Misses Wilkes, Miss Cockburn, Miss Hodgins, the Misses Macdonell, Miss Bunting, the Misses Fraser, Miss Ryan, Miss Cassells, Miss Hoskins, Miss Haskin, Miss Langmuir, Miss Dawson, Miss Ferguson, Miss Skae, Miss Cumberland, Miss Vicars, the Misses Morgan, Miss Howard, the Misses Seymour, Miss Burritt, Miss Bain, Miss Hirschfelder, Miss Foy, the Misses Rutherford, Miss Himsworth, Miss Grant, Miss Wilkinson, Miss Milligan, the Misses Bethune, Miss Coverton, Miss Barker, Miss Hugel, Miss Jones, Miss Brookes, Miss McCarthy, Miss S. Smyth, Miss Clarke, Miss Mackey, Messrs. Beatty and Bickford, Major Harrison, Messrs. Pipon, H. Gamble, Bog, Hart, Carlisle, Fairweather, Burnham, McLennan, Stinson, Clarke and Pauw, Capt. Eliot, Messrs. Beardmore, Cowan and Dr. McDonagh, Messrs. Hay, Laurie, Evans, W. Smith, A. Jones, F. Jones, Capt. Tassie, Capt. Sears, Messrs. Watson, S. Morrison, Hamilton, Fleury, C. Dickson, Bogert, Walsh, Howland, Cronyn, MacDonell, Tilley, Bunting, G. Boulton, Greene, Tait, Hoskins, Osler, Hoskin, Temple, Michie, Oswald, Hirschfelder, Griffin, Mackenzie, Hodgins, Hollyer, Ince, Bethune, Brock, Branchard, Fitzgerald, MacMahon, Langmuir, Manning, Bolte, Edgar, Vickers, MacCarron, Coverton, Gates, Hendrie, Lauder, Small and L. McCarthy, Mr. H. Ward of Port Hope, Mr. Arthur Broderick of Brockville, Mr. Hugh Hartshorne and Mr. Carter.

Mrs. Blackstock is visiting friends in New York and Boston.

Cards are out for the wedding of Miss Cockburn and Mr. Tait. The marriage ceremony will be solemnized in St. James', at two o'clock, on December 10.

Miss Tait of Montreal is the guest of Mrs. Cockburn.

The guests of the Arlington gave a most delightful dance last night. The patronesses were Lady Cartwright, Mrs. W. R. Meredith, Mrs. Frank Anderson, Mrs. Seymour, Mrs. J. P. Murray and Mrs. W. Napier Keefer. An extended account will be given in next week's issue.

The faculty and students of Toronto University Medical College hold their annual dinner at the Rossin House, on Thursday, Dec. 4.

Mrs. Riordan of Queen's Park gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Tuesday last.

Commander Law sails to-day, per S.S. Servia for England. He is accompanied by his daughter whom he will leave at school in Roshampton.

Mrs. F. C. Denison's tea on Saturday last was a most pleasing one. Some of those present were: Mrs. Cockburn, Mrs. Mulock, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Law, Mrs. Ryerson, Mrs. Robert Bethune, the Misses Bethune, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, Miss Macklem, Mrs. Macdougall, Mrs. Boswell, Mrs. D'Alton McCarthy and Mrs. George Crawford.

Mr. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon entertained at dinner on Friday evening last. Those present were Prof. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Cockburn, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Cunningham, Mr. and Mrs. Heward, Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Mr. Wilkie, Mr. Scott, and Mr. D'Arcy MacMahon.

Mrs. Cawthra's handsome home on Carlton street was thronged with guests on Tuesday last. The occasion was an At Home, which was particularly noticeable for its graceful floral decorations and the good music provided. Among those present were Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. George Crawford, Mrs. Armour, Mrs. Anglin, Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. John Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, the Misses Seymour, Miss Green, Miss Smith, Miss Mackey of Ottawa, Mrs. Blackstock, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Willie Brouse, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Wyld, Mrs. Crosby, Miss Langmuir, Mrs. George Jarvis and Miss Cumberland.

Mrs. Cosby welcomed her friends to afternoon tea on Saturday last. Among her guests were: Mrs. Bankes, Mrs. Cameron, Mrs. Torrance, Mrs. George Crawford, Mrs. Bunting, Mrs. Young, Mrs. Austin Smith, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. Webster, Mrs. Foy, Mrs. Manning, Mrs. Cecil Gibson, Mrs. Greene, Mrs. Brouse.

Miss Mackey, who has been the guest of Mrs. Bruce Macdonald for a short time, left this morning for her home in Ottawa.

Modern Society (London, England,) says: "Lord Aberdeen is back again in Grosvenor-square after his visit to Canada, looking in excellent health after the voyage. The Canadians liked Lord Aberdeen, and his lordship declared that he was charmed with both people and country."

At Mrs. Bunting's tea on Saturday there were among others present: Mrs. Torrance, the Misses Seymour, Mrs. Alfred Cameron, Mrs. Brouse, Mrs. Gibson, Miss Bickford, Miss Temple, Mrs. Dunbar, Miss Scott, the Misses Foy, Mrs. Bruce Macdonald, Miss Cumberland, Miss Skae, Miss Smith, Miss Mackey of Ottawa, Mrs. Manning and Mrs. Wallace.

Miss Pepler of Barrie is the guest of Mrs. McCarthy on Beverley street.

Miss Jones of Prescott is the guest of Mrs. Fisken of Queen's Park.

Rev. G.M. Milligan, Chaplain of St. Andrew's Society, preaches the annual sermon in Old St. Andrew's on Sunday evening, December 30.

Rumors are afloat that some of Toronto's most beautiful *debutantes* are to make their first appearance at the charity ball to be given on Thursday, December 11. It is reported that the committee have been most energetic and have spared no pains to make it an unqualified success, everything goes to show that their efforts in aid of a worthy cause will be well rewarded. Special arrangements have been made for having the floor perfect. The supper will be of the best, and the Grenadiers will supply the music. Bandmaster Waldron is preparing some special music for the occasion. Above all, great trouble and attention is being expended on the decorations, it is doubtful if the old Pavilion will ever have looked as beautiful as it will on that evening. Already the ball is the topic of conversation at the various At Homes being held among society's entertainers, and very few there are who have not made up their minds to be present.

Mrs. Fitch of Jarvis street will to-day welcome her friends to an At Home.

Sir Leonard and Mrs. Tilley are in town the guests of Mr. W. H. Howland of Queen's Park.

Students and friends of the office of Messrs. Blake, Kerr & Cassels dined at Webb's Tuesday evening.

Toronto School of Science held their annual dinner last night at Harry Webb's.

Dr. John Ferguson, M.P., of Welland has taken up residence at 31 Carlton street.

Judge Meredith of London was in town this week.

H. Corby, M.P., of Belleville paid the city a visit a few days ago.

Bugle Major Swift and buglers of the Q.O.R. entertained their friends at an At Home last evening.

The St. Andrew's Ball on Tuesday next is already occupying the minds of a large number. It gives promise of being attended by an enthusiastic and heartily gay company. There will be pretty gowns worn, I am sure, and next week I shall be able to tell you all about them.

Miss Dupont of Dufferin House, John street, gave a fancy dress party for her pupils, on Wednesday of last week. Some of the costumes were prettily carried out, and the masquerade gave unbounded pleasure both to the young ladies and to their friends. Miss Bell was for the time being an old-fashioned lady; Miss Were, Erminie; Miss Atkinson, Dorothy; Miss Strathy, a Sixteenth Century Dame; Miss N. Dupont, Kate Greenaway; Miss Frost, a Lady of Ye Olden Tyme; Miss Braught, a Sweet Girl Graduate; Miss Vikers, an Egyptian Lady; Miss Harkern, Rebecca; the Misses Whittier, McMurray and Cambla, Gypsies; the Misses E. and M. Temple, Swiss Peasants; the Misses Barwick and MacNee, Night; Miss S. Harrison, a Peasant; Miss Marks, An Angel; Miss H. Strathy, An Hospital Nurse; the Misses C. Temple and Adam, Flower Girls; the Misses Nicol and Merritt, Cherry Ripes; Miss Beardmore, a French Girl of the Eighteenth Century; the Misses Kingsford and Badgerow as Marguerite; Miss Price, a Great, Greatgrandmother; Miss G. Dupont, Old Mother Goose; Miss Weatherston, Little Miss Muffet; Miss Katie Torrance, a Fairy.

The Sergeant-Major and Sergeants of the Q. O. R. entertained their friends at a smoking concert on Wednesday evening.

On Thursday, November 20, a party of young people drove from Toronto to Lambton to take part in an entertainment which was given for a charitable purpose. The first part of the programme consisted of a bright and pleasing operetta, entitled Betsy Baker. Those taking part were Miss N. Douglas, Miss J. Thomson and Messrs. W. Tyndall, Gray and Coburn. The play was performed in a most creditable manner and was fully appreciated by the audience. Mr. Gray was particularly clever in the make-up of the character he sustained and showed further that he possesses strong ability and some knowledge of stage business. The rest of the programme was composed of vocal and instrumental music by Miss Mason of Barrie, and Miss Wilkes, Messrs. Curran, Carlisle and Macnamara of Islington. After the concert, the entertainers took advantage of an invitation to an impromptu dance by Dr. and Mrs. Cotton.

Dr. and Mrs. J. W. Oakley, who for the past few months have been on an extended wedding tour in Southern California and western cities, returned to the city Wednesday evening, both looking much improved by their visit to the land of the orange and the lemon.

Miss V. Mason of Barrie was the guest of Rev. R. and Mrs. Harrison recently.

A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday at the residence of Mr. John Russell on Crawford street, when Rev. R. P. McKay performed the ceremony which united Mr. Alexander G. Hewish and Miss Maggie Russell. The bride was attended by her sister Miss Mary Russell, and Mr. W. A. Hewish acted as groomsman. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Hewish, Mr. and Mrs. Kendall, Messrs. J. F. McCrae, George Mitchell, F. Ockley, G. Kerr, F. Little and H. Hewish. The newly-wedded couple left after the reception for eastern American cities, carrying with them earnest wishes for good fortune.

The Toronto Branch of the Imperial Federation League of Canada held a meeting in Association Hall last evening. A paper was read by Mr. Hopkins on the American Fiscal Policy and Imperial Reciprocity.

It is proposed to erect in some central locality in Toronto, probably on College avenue, an athletic club house. All sports have been considered, and it is desired to group together, by means of a club, all pursuers of cricket, lacrosse, football, bicycling, indoor tennis, rowing, gymnastics, fencing, boxing and bowling. The following gentlemen have consented to act as a provisional committee: Hon. John Beverley Robinson, Mr. W. Mulock, vice-chancellor of Toronto University; Mr. John I. Davidson, president of the Board of Trade; and Messrs. C. H. Nelson, J. Massey, A. D. Langmuir, E. B. Osler, T. C. Patteson, Charles Hunter, John Henderson and C. Greville Harston.

Mrs. F. H. Herbert of Parliament street is at present staying in the west end with her sister, Mrs. T. Webster, who is seriously ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Bowman of Mutual street celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of their wedding by giving an At Home on Wednesday. A most pleasant evening was spent by all present.

Art and Artists.

The special exhibition of Mr. F. M. Bell-Smith's pictures, which has been going on for the past two weeks at Roberts & Sons gallery, has proven a very successful one. A number of excellent pieces were shown, painted in Mr. Bell-Smith's best style.

The Art Students' League is the most flourishing art organization in Toronto at present. The average attendance is higher this year than ever before. A class of thirty was present the other evening. The members meet for work five nights in the week, and the liveliest interest is manifested in the work by all those who attend. If we are ever to accomplish anything in art it must be done in this way, by enthusiastic and persistent endeavor.

Enclose 50 cents and have sent by mail to your own or any other address by the Sheppard Publishing Company, Ltd 9 Adelaide street, West, the exceedingly handsome Christmas Number of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, which will be issued on Monday. A more beautiful Christmas souvenir could not be sent to friends at home or abroad. Ask your newsdealer to show you a copy of it.

Out of Town.

HAMILTON.

The dance given by Mrs. Briggs of Holdsworth, on Friday evening, was decidedly one of the best dances given this season. The house is especially adapted for dancing, and therefore there was little or no crowding. About two hundred and fifty guests were received by Mrs. Briggs and her charming daughter, who wore a beautiful gown of white silk and tulle. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. F. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Leggat, Mr. and Mrs. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Thomson, the Misses Watson, Fuller, Lottridge, Tremaine, Mackelcan, Hobson, A. Hobson, Turner, Sinclair, Carr, Glasco, Gillard, Grant, Ambrose and Mille, Messrs. Galeb, Southam, Pottinger, Billet, Cartshore, Leggat, Garrett, Moore, Martin, Armour of Toronto, Alexander MacGiverin of Toronto, Hobson, H. Gates and many others. The music and floor were perfect. It was generally remarked that the belle of the evening was Miss Kate Turner, who was attired in an artistic gown of eau-de-nil silk with silver trimmings.

Miss Minnie Ridley has returned from Toronto where she has been for the last four weeks.

Mrs. Nicholson of London is the guest of Mrs. W. Ramsay of Park street.

Mr. R. Bulkley Hughes of the Bank of British North America at London has been spending his vacation in town and was welcomed back by his many friends here.

Miss Robinson of Brockville is the guest of Col. and Mrs. Gibson of Bay street.

On Saturday afternoon another large crowd went to Toronto on the special train at 12.20 to witness the great football match between Queen's University of Kingston and our team. It is needless to say that a number of the fair sex were present to see their favorites lead on to victory. Too much praise cannot be given Capt. Logie and his gallant team. Among present on the grounds were Mr. S. H. Stinson, M.L.A., and Mrs. Stinson, Miss Harvey, Mrs. J. M. Young, Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Murray, Miss Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. Mackelcan, Miss Dunlop, the Misses Dower, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Skinner, Miss Gillespie, Messrs. Leggat, Harvey, Ferris, Kennedy, Hendrie, Bruce, Jarvis, Osborne, Hobson, S. Harvey, Martin, Gates and Stuart. When the party returned to Hamilton they were met by the band of the 13th Battalion, and a procession was formed which proceeded through the city accompanied by scores of roman candles. Speeches were made by Messrs. Stinson, Harvey, Logie, Stewart and Hendrie from the City Hall steps.

On Thursday evening there will be a presentation of the cup to Mr. William Hendrie, patron of the Rugby Football Union, at his residence.

Mr. Edward Morris of Toronto was in town over Sunday.

St. Peter's Home for incurables will be formally opened on Thursday afternoon by several of the clergy of this city and the Rev. Father Geoghegan, who has been so diligent in this cause.

A great many of our people expect to attend the Hunt Club Ball on Friday evening at London.

Mr. Æmilius Irving, Q.C. of Toronto spent this week in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendrie arrived home from New York on Monday morning where they spent last week.

On Tuesday evening Association Hall was filled with a large audience to hear Mrs. Harvie of Toronto speak in favor of the Young Women's Temperance Union. Mrs. Frank Mackelcan sang two songs. Mrs. Vallance and Mrs. MacArthur favored the audience with duets. Refreshments were served by the ladies on the committee.

Mr. A. Murray left for a trip to Detroit on Wednesday morning.

Mrs. Frank Mackelcan and Master George Fox take part in a concert in Owen Sound on Friday evening. SYLVIA.

Hand to Mouth.

Cumso—A French woman permits relatives to kiss her cheek, friends to kiss her hand and her lover to kiss her lip. Bank—Then all gallant young Frenchmen must live a hand to mouth existence.

His time for Truth-Telling.

There is one time that a hunter always tells the truth: when he tells how many bears some other man killed.—*Atchison Globe.*

The Best Reason in the World.

"Why do you ask one thousand dollars for that house?"

"Because I want six hundred dollars."—*Puck.*

The Beginning.

Mamma—Did you have a nice time at the children's party.

Little Ethel—No, mamma; it was awful dull.

Mamma—Why, what was the matter, dear?

Little Ethel—Bobby Bunce didn't come.

Hy-men.

In a matrimonial advertisement for a husband, the advertiser says that she "wants a full-grown man, none need apply who is under six feet. That is not an unnatural notion for a lady bent on *hy*-men.

ENGRAVED VISITING CARDS

For $2.00 we send a copper plate, finely engraved, with 50 cards. Estimates furnished for Wedding Invitations, Street Dies, Crests and Stamping. We employ only the best workmen and use the finest cards, and guarantee satisfaction.

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DRESS AND MANTLE MAKER
HAS REMOVED TO
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PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

Felice Paris

JUST RECEIVED—A new stock of 4 button Derby, Derby Mousquiaire, 4-button Champion, Champion Mousquitaire. Gent's Gloves, Boys' Gloves, Misses Gloves, in all the newest shades. Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking, Perfumery and Fans. WM. STITT & CO., 11 and 13 King Street East.

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Bouquet	- -	25 " "
Reina Victoria	- -	50 " "
Lansdowne	- -	50 " "
Pins	- -	50 " "

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Have just received a full assortment of AMERICAN VEILINGS. Choice assortment of EVENING FANS in Ostrich Feathers and Gauze, just received.
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CIGARETTES
The Finest Turkish Cigarettes
IN THE MARKET.
TRY THEM

Boudoir Gossip.

In wooing, bearded burning lips
To reddened ones he presses,
And swears to live on bread and cheese
With her soft lips caresses.
But when the maid is wedding-ringed
Material things he misses,
And cries, "Make haste with supper now
And we'll postpone the kisses."

And why not postpone them in favor of something more substantial? I wonder if any dear, trusting little bride feels hurt because her blessed darling shows such a decided preference for his "three square meals." She shouldn't, for though of course he is delighted to take his dinner with her bright face across the table, yet the fact remains that he would rather she were in Oshkosh than that the meal were; and she must grow accustomed to the startling fact, and cultivate her bird-like appetite so as to bear him company through all the courses.

•

Since every evil has its cause bad dreams may be said to be the outcome of indiscreet living. It may have been that certain libations from a—teapot or indulgence in pastry that wasn't a bit like our mothers made, enters into a conspiracy with the king of dreamland, and we busy ourselves with wild feats and suffer while we sleep.

Gruesome tales of ghostly ancestors who came to the bedsides of their living children and addressed them in good English have been told me since my childhood. Ancestors never come to me, but I have a most ridiculous habit of dreaming that I have wings. I float and drift, circle and swing about in rapture. It is delightful until I want to come down, and then the wings won't work. Some of us dream of disaster by flood and some of fire. How horrible it is to open our eyes upon the darkness, with dread cries ringing in our ears—shouts of command, trampling of panic-stricken crowds, screams of agony and wails of defeat; and to see twisted, writhing forms peopling the darkness, grinning at us with distorted pain-drawn features, with the pallor of death sharpening them. How dreadful the effort required to master the unreined imagination, to shut out by reason's aid the babel of sounds and the sickening sights, to force aside these uncanny spectacles and dismiss them as only the hideous unrealities of a fevered imagination.

•

It was Marguerite and not the Maiden in Brown who asked me of Jacob. "He" resented the inquiry—just a little and writes me this week as follows:

MY FRIEND CLIP CAREW,—Tell Marguerite that I have known of men, with so much generosity and tenderness in their nature, that their tears would fall, for sorrowing fellow-mortals, or their faces shine with the reflected joy of the glad and the happy ones. There are noble men in the world, and it must be acknowledged that they owe much of their goodness and greatness to the inspiring influence of good women. The significance of Marguerite—a daisy—is so lovely that it leads one on to imagine that the fair girl who wears it, must be one of those women who by their bright and loving nature render the circle around them better, whiter in purity and more rose-tinted with beauty, for their gentle, cheering sway.
JACOB.

Ah, Marguerite see what noble things our friend expects of you. I daresay I shall be asked for your address, and perhaps buy a white enamelled pencil to write of bridal gowns and wedding bells some sweet day.

•

Some wise girl said recently that she thought men ought to be silent regarding tall hats in the future, for said she: "the men are responsible for a theater nuisance that is three times as bad." She was right—girls sometimes are you know. While I have little respect for the delicacy of feeling, possessed by the woman who wears a hat that obscures the vision of those behind, I think the male sinner who goes out to see that "man" entirely wanting in good taste. There is far too much grumbling about letting people pass when they have a right to do so—when it is unavoidable. No one should fail to make the passage as wide as possible for those whose seats are at the end of the row, and who come in good time. I will rise and make room for any one under those circumstances, but the nasty vile-smelling, ungentlemanly creature in good clothes who insists upon tramping out between the acts is a nuisance, and he may climb. Perhaps it is mean, but I do enjoy seeing him stumbling along in front of indignant women, his coarse face reddening every moment. Away he goes shambling, tripping, dragging his generous foot supply after him, and making of himself a public nuisance and a mark for contemptuous criticism.

•

It is noticeable that the present season is remarkable for the amount of lace that is worn. From a New York paper I clip the following: "The New York ladies of fortune pride themselves on their lace. The Vanderbilts, it is said, possess 'Brussels,' 'old point,' and 'Spanish,' to the value of £100,000, which rival the Austrian and Prussian Crown collections. The present fashion of lace cloaks gives the American matron another chance of spending the 'mighty dollar,' the sums of £200 to £1000 are gleefully parted with for the possession of some coveted, elegantly fashioned garment of this material. The late Mrs. Astor had a costume that cost £5000; the present Mrs. Waldorf Astor (who was a Miss Paul of Philadelphia, before her marriage) recently invested $25 000 in a lace outfit."

It would seem as if the delicacy of lace is to be appreciated now even more than it ever was, and, of course while the best is bought, the cheaper will be worn. We see gowns, cloaks, shawls, bonnets and wraps all fashioned with the ideal substance as prime factor. A Toronto man milliner told me only a few days ago of a handsome gown of black lace which he had just sent home, and I fancy the pretty woman who owns it will wear it right royally.

•

Mrs. Leslie Carter wears a lace cloak in the third act of the Ugly Duckling, and she handles it very prettily, showing by a graceful extension of her arm, its delicately wrought beauty.

Mrs. Carter's gowns are suitably elegant. In the first act she wears a dotted lace of a pale blue shade, fashioned with multitudinous puffs and ruchings. It sways with every movement of her nervous little form, and in repose falls into graceful lengths. In the second act she wears a ball gown of pinkish cream satin embroidered in crystals and pearls, with a train and corsage folds of spangled crepe. One detail of that gown displeased me and that was the color of her shoulder knots. The pinkish-mauve tint quarrelled with her bright auburn hair, and I do wish she would discard the bows or do her hair two shades darker. In the third act the same gown is worn with the addition of a cloak of lace crepe and silk. The long ends of glittering spangled crepe are managed with dexterity, and the unveiling process which she does so gracefully is charming though a little drawn out. The last gown is a simple one of blue and pink. The material is soft silk and in it, I most admired the originality of color combination, though the style was less suited to the brilliant actress than the first one, with its diaphanous material puffed into little billows with crested wave-lines and a strong suggestion of under-tow.

•

Dame Fashion says: Light colored felt hats will be more popular than black ones for winter wear.

Shoes and boots are more pointed than ever, and those of patent leather are laced over the instep.

The skirts of some of the tailor-made dresses are fitted very snugly over the hips, and closely plaited at the back. The bodices are usually in habit fashion with waistcoats and high-shouldered sleeves. Plain cloths show a good deal of braid, and for winter wear are trimmed with fur.

Jewelled pins are worn more than ever. My lady sticks them in her dress front, tangles them among the laces on her bosom, fastens a refractory ribbon loop, accentuates the depth of color in a silk bow or nestles them in the shadowy folds of velvet scarves. They are worn at all times, for their daintiness commends them to the most refined tastes.

•

Did you ever notice the alacrity with which actors drop the positions assumed in the closed scenes. I have often watched the floor of the stage and seen feet alter positions just a trifle too soon. Sometimes in real life a drama is played, and the actor, careful to carry out the requirements of the part, judges poorly of the length of the curtain. He moves too soon. He shows his hand. He drops the assumed and falls into the real. We applaud him for his clever acting, and we laugh in our sleeves to find ourselves possessed of his secret. People should remember to stand firm to the last. Close the scene well and do not move too soon.

It is like much in real life I find—the hasty unthinking move of the slippered feet on the stage.
CLIP CAREW.

See the Gems from the Paris Salon, a double page of beautiful engravings, in the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT. Ready on December 1. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage paid, by the publishers, price 50 cents.

The cutaway suit may almost be called the suit universal, for it is suitable to a greater variety of occasions and is more affected by all sorts and conditions of people than any other. Its convenience and comfort render it popular for business, its neatness adapts it for most social occasions, and it reaches from one end of the scale almost to the other. It is now the suit for formal dress by day. It should be worn at weddings, receptions, dinners and other formal occasions by daylight, and may be worn on any occasion but those in the evening. It may be summarized as the formal afternoon suit and the informal evening suit, for ordinary social calls, for church, for the street, for all these occasions the cutaway suit is entirely proper, though it does not by any means exclude the Prince Albert or the dress suit as regards material. It must always be borne in mind that with this suit material is of much importance; that coarse materials and bone buttons are never in place in the evening, and that the cutaway when worn socially, so to speak, must be dark and fine as to coat, while the trousers may be either dark, which is always good form, or lightish. Such are the materials and styles now being used and made up by the fashionable west end tailor, Henry A. Taylor, No. 1 Rossin House block, Toronto.

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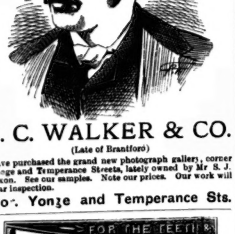

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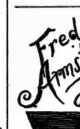

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TRUE AND TRIED.

In spite of every one's ignorance concerning their antecedents, it was astonishing how soon the new family at Stoneville were admitted into the best county society. Every one called upon them; people raved about Daphne's beauty, her singing, and her style. Mrs. Vigors's At Homes were the most popular lounge for all the fox-hunting young country squires; and their mothers and sisters were fascinated as well. It was difficult to resist the charm of the pleasant pretty house, where afternoon tea, delightful gossip, the newest songs and magazines, were always to be found. Mrs. Vigors gave out that she did not entertain, modestly saying that her means did not admit of it; but a favored few were occasionally asked to a perfectly appointed little dinner, where the wines were excellent and the cookery was something undreamed of at Burgage—for, among its other attractions, Stoneville boasted a French cook.

January passed away with its dull, heavy misty days. Tom Cavendish and Coley Clayton were to be married at the end of March. Mr. Clayton had consented and everything was settled; Coley was to go home in a few weeks to see about her trousseau. Mrs. Cavendish was beginning to overhaul her wardrobe and think what could be done to brighten up the old house for the better reception of the bride; and Capt. Cavendish was supposed to be very busy overlooking his agent's books and visiting his outlying farms.

"I have not seen you for almost a week, dear," Coley said to him one evening. "Are you very busy?"

She was playing a quaint old air on the piano in the Deanery drawing-room. Had she looked up, she would have seen a darkened flush on his face as he answered her. It had not yet occurred to her to doubt him; she thought he must love her as she loved him, and yet was scared if knew what it was—some shadow seemed to have fallen over her life since that Christmas-Eve ball at Lady Macnamara's.

The fact was that often when Tom was supposed to have gone into Castletown on business he was lounging in the perfumed room at S oneville, singing French songs with Daphne Vigors, and confiding with her on the general dulness and stupidity of everything out of France. It was not long before people began to talk, to look curiously at the Vigors, and to shake their heads over Capt. Cavendish's flirting propensities.

"Mother, I cannot do it! I have tried to go through with it, but the very thought is making me ill. I know all you would say—I know I am acting like a scoundrel."

Mrs. Cavendish sat, white and trembling, looking at her son, an awful fear in her eyes.

"Have you considered what it means? Have you considered? What else have I been doing for the past month, until it has almost driven me mad?"

"What has changed you so soon? Oh, Tom, it will break my heart! I had hoped so much from this marriage!"

"It was a mistake all along," said Capt. Cavendish gloomily. "Coley is an angel—she is as far above me as the sky; she cannot understand me, or my way of thinking."

"But she loves you, Tom—she loves you so much; and you said that you loved her!"

A sharp, bitter pang of remorse made Tom Cavendish shudder and for a moment he thought it would have been well for him had he never seen Daphne Vigors' bewildering dark eyes.

"Mother, don't make it any harder for me! You have always helped me—don't turn against me now! Coley will be happier with some one else; I am not good enough for her—she is too cold, too perfect. Ever since I first saw Daphne at that Christmas Eve ball I have known what a mistake I made. I have fought against it; but it is of no use."

"And it is for that affected chit that you are giving up the truest, best girl that ever lived!"

"Mother, remember you are speaking of the girl who will be my wife!" cried Tom angrily.

"Your wife possibly, but never my daughter," returned the mother. "And, Tom, mark my words—as surely as you and I are sitting here this evening, you will live to be sorry for this! That girl must have known from the first that you were engaged—everyone knew it; and a marriage brought about by treachery cannot lead to happiness. Tom, you have cost me many an hour of sorrow; but this last blow is the bitterest of all."

"It is better to find out my mistake now, mother, than when it is too late. You will love Daphne when you know her."

"Never—never!" protested Mrs. Cavendish warmly.

A few days later it was known all over the county that the engagement between Capt. Cavendish and Miss Clayton was at an end. Miss Clayton had gone back to London; and the captain was to be married to Miss Vigors as soon as all the necessary arrangements could be made. The wise people said they had seen it all along.

Sir Burton Macnamara denounced Tom Cavendish as a scamp—the old baronet was reported to have said that it would give him great satisfaction to horsewhip the young rascal. Guardsman—and his wife could not forgive herself for ever having asked that "forward, artful minx" to her house.

"Tom has thrown away the last and best chance he will ever have," sighed the good old lady, with whom Tom Cavendish had been a great pet in his boyhood.

"Coley is well rid of him," said the Dean.

"She had better have taken Louis," lamented his wife.

Every one had something to say about the affair; but the general opinion was that no good could come of the marriage. It was felt to be a great relief when Mrs. Vigors, Daphne, with their maids and men and their numberless trunks, found it convenient to depart for Paris. An auction was held at Stoneville; the pretty rooms were dismantled, and the dainty useless knick-knacks distributed far and wide in sober country-houses.

Poor pretty Coley, forsaken in the bloom of her youth and beauty by the man to whom she had given all her first fresh love, did not cry out or reproach him—nor did she call for vengeance on her rival; she only felt as if her heart were broken—as if all that was worth living for had been taken out of her life.

"I am glad you told me. I do not blame you, Tom," she had said pitifully; "and perhaps in years to come, when we have forgotten all this mistake, you might let me be your friend."

At this moment, looking into the pale face and the true steadfast eyes, Tom Cavendish was nearer understanding what he was doing than he had ever been before.

"You will forgive me, Coley?" he pleaded humbly. "I seem like a brute, I know."

"Forgive you? Yes, of course. I do not blame you; I hope you will always be happy. You will tell her—Daphne—that I said so?"

"Coley, my mother says that you are more of an angel than a woman—and she is right; it was never good enough for you."

"I should like to see your mother before I go. She was always very good to me," the girl said softly.

In a few days Miss Clayton had said good-bye to the house where she had loved and suffered so much, and Burgage saw her no more. Capt. Cavendish went to Paris, and his marriage was announced in the following April. The newly-wedded pair did not return home; Daphne said that Ireland, and particularly Burgage, gave her the horrors—that she had endured a martyrdom while at Stoneville; and Tom, in his happiness, was willing to grant her anything. So the old house was shut up once more; the gardens ran wild, and the grass grew over the terraces. There was very little money now for improvements and alterations; the new Mrs. Cavendish had not a penny; it was even said that the bills for her charming toilettes came in after her marriage; and the captain's creditors too, hearing of his marriage, began to clamor. The great beech plantation, which had been the pride of Burgage for so long, was cut down; several of the outlying farms were sold; and the captain sent strict orders to enforce the punctual payment of rents.

People whispered to each other, as the months went by, that poor Mrs. Cavendish was breaking up. Her gray hair had become quite white; her active upright figure seemed suddenly to bend and grow feeble; her keen eyes had a wistful frightened look in them. Fate had dealt very hardly with her, the poor old woman thought. Was it for this that she had saved and economized, to see her idolized son forsaken her, and sacrifice truth and honor for a girl whom no one knew anything about? To her few visitors she was not very communicative, so that Burgage in general did not know much of captain Tom's doings.

In the second year of their marriage a little daughter was born to Tom and Daphne Cavendish. Tom wrote that he had called her after his mother, and that he hoped she would live to be a comfort to her; but Mrs. Cavendish had sorrow enough in the choice over her grandchild's birth when the news came that she was dead. In the tear-stained letter that brought the news was a little lock of pale yellow hair. Tom was passionately fond of children, and during the few weeks his child had lived the little thing had become inexpressibly dear to him.

Coley, in her luxurious London home, read of the baby's birth and death, and she would have liked to write a word of sympathy; but she did not know how Daphne might take it.

The old mother at Burgage grew more frail and feeble; and the lawyer from Castletown paid more frequent visits to Stoneville, and shaking his head more than ever over the affairs of the estate.

It was soon known that there was trouble again about Captain Cavendish. Some people blamed him, some his wife. She lived a life of continual gaiety among a crowd of admirers. Young Dupard came down from Paris, and he brought home a budget of stories about her. Her beauty, her flirtations, her extravagance, were the talk of the town. Tom and her husband were most unhappy; it was said he was jealous of her. They were deeply in debt, and some day there must come a crash.

All these stories were freely circulated through the quiet country neighborhood. People looked pitifully at the careworn old lady; but they did not look at her long. Her faithful old maid found her late one night sitting up in her chair at the study table stiff and cold; business letters and a photograph of her son's miniature, as a bright-faced, innocent boy, in her hand. She died as she had lived, full of thought for him; and the poor heart that had known so much motherly joy and pride, so much pain and grief, was at rest at last.

Tom was telegraphed for, and came to the funeral. He had loved his mother greatly in his erratic way. She was the last link in the chain that held him to his old home and his boyhood's days. He looked so ill and broken, his face was so haggard and worn, that kind old Sir Burton, who had been very bitter against him at first, felt his heart soften with pity for the young fellow whom he had known from a boy.

"Come home with me to dinner," he said. "it will do you good. Lady Macnamara told me to bring you. You see, she has no child of her own, and she nursed you when you were a baby; she'll be glad to see you again."

"Thank you, I had meant to go off to-night, but I will come to you. You are very kind!"

There was, and always had been, a certain charm about Tom Cavendish which, in spite of his faults, it was difficult to resist; and Lady Macnamara's motherly heart was deeply touched at the sight of the haggard-faced man. When Sir Burton left her alone in the drawing-room with poor Tom, and he opened his heart to her, and told her of his little dead baby, the soft-hearted old lady shed tears of pity.

"Sir Burton is very kind to ask me here," faltered Tom—"I know he thinks me a scoundrel—and you! you are more good."

"My dear, I have known you ever since you were born," rejoined Lady Macnamara gently. "I remember how proud your mother was o you."

"And now she has gone, and I was not even with her when she died!" exclaimed Tom. "Never had man a better mother! I believe my punishment is beginning, as she said it would—first the child gone, and now she."

"Tom, you have a wife!" said Lady Macnamara hesitatingly.

"Yes—I have my wife," answered Tom, in the bitter mocking tone she knew so well. "You did not think I was likely to forget that, did you?"

Then Sir Burton came in, and there was no more said on the subject; but Lady Macnamara never forgot the change in Tom's tone when he spoke of his wife. She cried the next morning as she said good-bye to poor Tom; for it seemed to her that he was going where there was no one to care for him, and where misery would be his daily portion.

"If you ever come over again, you will be sure to come to us!" said Sir Burton cordially.

"Thank you—you are very good," the young man responded; "but I shall never come again. I am going to sell the place—I cannot bear it. Good-bye, Lady Macnamara. You will think of me sometimes—for my mother's sake!"

Four years passed by. Kind Sir Burton and his wife had grown very old and feeble; but they were still together, tottering hand in hand down the hill of life.

Louis Despard had been called to the bar, and was already beginning to make a name for himself. His cousin Coley had been a stanch friend to him in London, and he had long since forgiven her for refusing him. He now quite agreed with her in thinking that the next ten years of his life should be devoted to winning a name and a position, and after that was accomplished he might turn his thoughts to matrimony. Two years after Tom had hidden Sir Burton and Lady Macnamara farewell, Coley's father had died, leaving her one of the richest women in London. Her beauty was greater than it was when she made her debut, when she was a slim girl of eighteen. Many lovers had sought her hand; but for them all she had had but one answer—"I shall never marry; I do not think of marriage." She devoted almost all her time to helping her less fortunate fellow-creatures. Miss Clayton's name was well known in back alleys and alleys poor hardened miserable creatures blessed "the lady" as she went by; she was always ready to listen patiently to every story of wrong and misery that was brought to her notice, and she helped the erring and the weary with a liberal hand.

Christmas Eve had come again. Outside the snow was falling softly in feathery flakes; the bells were ringing in the belfries of all the churches; the carol singers would soon be coming their rounds. Coley Clayton was sitting over the fire in her pretty library alone, for the old ex-governess who acted as her companion had gone on a visit to some friends.

A beautiful, graceful figure Coley looked in her sweeping black velvet gown with a bunch of holly-berries at her throat. All day she had been busy arranging a Christmas tree for her little gutter-children; and now, for a few minutes in the twilight, she had sat down to think.

Just six years back this very night how happy she had been—how blessed above all other women she had felt! A dreamy look came into her beautiful eyes, as the woman who had loved and suffered so much thought with tender pity of the young girl who had stood there that night in her white gown, a fair future, as she thought, before her. How she had loved him! And he had loved her once. He would have loved her to the end but for that other. And now where was he? What had happened to him?

Handsome reckless Tom Cavendish had disappeared from the world that once knew him and flattered and spoiled him. People had almost forgotten the stories about him now. Just a few of his old friends still shook their heads when they spoke regretfully of "poor Tom." It was only the girl whom he forsook—the girl he had loved him still in spite of his heartless behaviour—who never forgot him.

"Heaven is very merciful!" she thought. "Some day the poor wanderer may be restored."

Presently the old butler interrupted his young mistress's reverie.

"Please, Miss Coley, were you thinking of going to church to-night?"

"Yes, Jarvis—is it time?"

"The bells are ringing, miss; I thought you had forgotten."

Jarvis almost worshipped his young mistress. He had held her in his arms when she was a baby; he had seen her grow up into her full womanhood; he often declared that "Miss Coley would not want much change to make an angel of her."

"George can come with me, Jarvis, if you are afraid of the cold."

"Oh, I am not so old as that, miss!" answered the old man, half offended. "And I have a liking for the service myself to-night. I'm getting on, Miss Coley, and it minds us of those we have gone."

It was late when the service was over and the people turned homewards, the grand old Christmas music still ringing in their ears. Coley had not far to go—a little way down the great noisy thoroughfare, with its gaily dressed shops, its crowds of well-dressed, happy-looking people, and its regardless, careless throng; across a gloomy square, to the quiet street where she lived. The snow had ceased, and a piercing wind whistled round the corners, which made Coley shiver under all her warm furs.

"Best let me call a cab for you. Miss Coley," suggested the old servant.

"No, thank you, Jarvis; I enjoy the walk, and I like to see the people."

Some well-clothed-looking children stretched out their hands to the beautiful golden-haired lady who looked so kind and sweet, and she stopped a minute to give them something, and to speak a kind word to the crippled boy in the ragged little crossing-sweeper to come in the morning to get his Christmas breakfast.

Just beyond across the square a crowd was collected round some object lying on the ground, and a grim-looking policeman was administering the law.

"Best come the other side, Miss Coley. It's likely it's nothing fit for you to see," said old Jarvis.

Coley would not listen to the old man's advice, but pressed through the little crowd of men and women. A man was sitting with his back to the wall, his face hidden on his folded arms.

"What is it? What is the matter? Is he dead?" she asked the policeman.

"No dead, ma'am," answered the man respectfully—he knew Miss Clayton well—"but very nigh it."

"He is dying of hunger, and you, and such as you, dashing your money on velvets and furs!" said a voice from the crowd.

"Hold your tongue, you ruffian! Don't you see who it is?" said another.

"I have sent for a cab; we'll get him taken to the hospital," the policeman remarked. "Best not touch him, miss—it's not fit for such as you."

Coley was leaning over the man, her face full of tender pity, as the officer spoke; then suddenly an awful cry broke from her lips.

"May I take him to my house? It is close by. I know him; I will do everything necessary. I am Miss Clayton. You will let me take him?"

Yes, it was he—wan, worn, emaciated—the very ghost of handsome Tom Cavendish—dying of starvation in a London street on Christmas Eve!

"He may recover consciousness for a little while, but he cannot live—it is impossible. He has evidently not had a proper meal for weeks. All I can do I will, you may be sure. Is he a friend of your's?" asked the doctor kindly, looking at the golden-haired girl with the pale beautiful face.

"We were engaged to be married once, six years ago," Coley answered simply; "but he married some one else, and—I have not seen him since."

The grave-eyed doctor was too well bred to show any signs of astonishment.

"I shall send you round a nurse," he said, "and you will follow my directions. I will be with you the first thing in the morning. I can do no more."

"Oh, let him come to himself and know me once again!" was poor Coley's prayer; and kind doctor, thanking Heaven that at last even in this wise he had been given to her again.

In the dim Christmas morning poor erring Tom Cavendish opened his weary eyes once more upon the world that he was so soon to leave. He was too weak for some time to ask any questions or to take any notice. Like a little child, he accepted what was done for him, following Coley's every movement with his haggard eyes. Once she said, "Do you know me, Tom?"—and he put out his wasted hand. He knew her—that was enough.

"Oh, my love, my love, at last you have come back to me!" sobbed the girl.

It was a bitter story that the dying man told her, in his feeble voice, with many pauses for breath. His wife had left him—had run away from him nearly two years since. She had never cared for him, but had thought he was well off; and then when she found out her mistake and the bills came in, she had hated him.

"Once she told me, Coley, she married me only because she was tired of her Bohemian life, and to spite you," said Tom. "At first we got on pretty well; then the little one died; and after that we went to the bad altogether. She ran up bills everywhere; and, when she left me, I turned to gambling, to drink—to anything that would drive thought away. Coley, it is not a long story to tell. When once a man is down, it is not so easy to get up again. The thought of you and the old mother used to drive me mad. I fought a duel in Paris, and I fled to Oxford street, about two months ago—I could have touched you."

"Oh, if you had but come to me then, we might have prevented all this!"

"My child, you don't know what you are saying. For a man like me there is no hope in this world. Well, it will soon be over now."

Tears were falling upon the girl's white cheeks as she knelt beside him.

"Sit close to me, my dear," Tom murmured faintly. "I am getting so tired. Coley, it is true that you forgive me and that you love me still, even after all, will you—I am dying, Coley, or I would not ask it—kiss me just once as you used to do!"

A few days later they laid Tom Cavendish to rest in a quiet corner of a crowded cemetery. A plain marble cross marks the place where he lies, and in summer and winter his grave is kept bright with flowers, and often a golden-haired woman sits there. "His wife or his sweetheart, most likely," say the gardeners.

Coley Clayton is no longer a girl, but a beautiful woman, with a more peaceful expression on her fair face than it used to wear. The memory of the man she loved so well will ever be green in her heart; and it is for his sake that her ears are always open to every tale of misery and want, and that her hand is always ready to raise the fallen and comfort the sorrowful.

"I see the dethroned Emperor of Brazil has become a great student."

"Yes; now that he cannot reign he peres!"

SNOW FLAKE HOMINY

It is beautiful in appearance before cooking and after. It cooks in ten minutes, and is more nourishing than rice. It looks like rice. It makes a great variety of puddings Very many excellent things are said about it. It is cheaper and better than Caroline rice. Try it.

DESICCATED ROLLED OATS

These are not steamed, but contain all the original flavor. They are quickly cooked, partly digested and very nutritious. A porridge should use the Desiccated Rolled Oats, put up in 4 pound packages only. Try them. Ask your grocer for them, in packages, with "Our National Foods" trade mark, and made by

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The Agreeable Girl.

The agreeable girl:

She is sometimes rich, but seldom handsome, yet we all like to meet her in this work-a-day world of ours.

She meets one cordially, does not rush up hysterically and, catching at one's hand or dress, blind one with her effusive inquiries, for she is in the highest and best sense well bred.

She is always well dressed, not conspicuously, for that savors of vulgarity, but her dress is always in harmony with the time and place. Soiled gloves are fastened with a fringe of braid that should have been renewed are never seen.

If one is ill and my lady calls, no disagreeable news is introduced that will jar on the sensitive nerves.

She is not necessarily brilliant, indeed seldom is, yet she always holds her own in society, not by aggressive talking or boasting, but by her keen sense of the fitness of things.

She understands the art of listening to others.

My lady always takes pleasure in introducing people with like interests, not in keeping them apart that she may monopolize each in turn; for to see others happy adds to her enjoyment.

She meets newcomers in the church or home half way, and does not forget faces when she meets them two days later.

Her appointments are always met promptly. If impossible to meet the engagement she writes a note at once and explains, thereby saving much discomfort and inconvenience.

She never addresses her gentlemen acquaintances by their first name; that familiarity is reserved for him who has a deeper claim than mere acquaintance.

She is well versed on the current topics of the day, and does not blunder intelligently in conversation with statements of which she knows nothing.

She does not inform an artist what the standard works of art are. He is supposed to know.

She minds her own business, leaving others to look after theirs—*Boston Globe.*

His Judgment was Warped.

She—What do you think of this lace, John?
He—How much did it cost?
She—Ten cents a yard.
He—Oh, it is how laceingly beautiful. How much more exquisite it is than the expensive kinds you used to buy!—*Munsey's Weekly.*

Something Like Leather.

Student *(from Pontefract, alias Pomfret)*—I say, Professor, whatever did they make soldiers' shoes of in Cæsar's time?

Professor—Of leather, I presume. Was there anything more suitable in those days, do you think?

Student—No; but not the kind we use, you know. Ow do you think the ides of March would 'ave answered ?—*Puck.*

Adelina Patti-Nicolini

HOW SHE RETAINS HER

Wonderfully Youthful Looks.

The newspapers far and near have voiced the opinion of the public that Adelina Patti's marvelous power of apparently resisting the destroying angel of beauty, whose name is Time, is something akin to the miraculous. "Mme. Patti," says one paper "is, as everybody knows, forty-seven years of age, but she has the figure and the complexion of a girl. Her skin is fair and without blemish, and on the closest inspection no evidence of cosmetics appears. How she preserves it is a mystery." When Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer read the above she smiled, and producing a file of thirty or more letters, all of which were not only signed but entirely in the handwriting of the great prima donna, Mrs. Ayer said: "For years Mme. Patti has used the Recamier Toilet Preparations, and to them she owes her truly remarkable skin. Here, said Mrs. Ayer, is one letter of a couple of Mme. Patti's letters to me on this subject," and I read the following:

CRAIG-Y-NOS CASTLE, Oct. 13, 1887.

"My Dear Mrs. Ayer, I have never tried anything equal in merit to the Recamier Preparations; my skin is so immensely improved by their use. I need not dread old age while these magic inventions of yours exist. I use Cream, Balm and Lotion every day of my life, and could not exist comfortably without them. Recamier Soap also is perfect. It far surpasses all toilet Soaps. I hear that the Princess of Wales is delighted with the Recamier Preparations. I am convinced they are the greatest boon ever invented. I could not comfortably endure a day without them."

ADELINA PATTI-NICOLINI.

The articles mentioned in Mme. Patti's letter are known throughout the Queen's Recamier Toilet Preparations, as follows:

Recamier Cream, for tan, sunburn, pimples, &c. Price $1.50.

Recamier Balm, a beautifier pure and simple. Price $1.50.

Recamier Almond Lotion, for freckles, moth and discolorations. Price $1.50.

Recamier Powder, for toilet, nursery. Will stay on and does not make face shine. Price—Large boxes $1, small boxes 50c.

Recamier Soap—The best in the world. Prices—Scented, 50c. Unscented, 25c.

They are now for sale in Canada at New York Prices.

If your Druggist or Dealer can not supply you order direct from the office of the Canada Offices of the Recamier Manufacturing Co., 374 St. Paul St., Montreal, P.Q., and 50 Wellington St. East, Toronto.

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Recamier Cream, Recamier Balm, Recamier Moth and Freckle Lotion, Recamier Soaps, Recamier Powders

AND

Seven Sutherland Sisters Hair Grower and Hair and Scalp Cleaner

Pharmacy, 230 Yonge Street, opp. Shuter

'PHONE 479.

Your Baby Picture.

When you have really become a man and have long ago "put away childish things," it gives you a queer, undefinable sort of a feeling to open the family album of some good old aunte, or perhaps of one's grandmother, and to have pointed out to you a photograph of yourself when you were still in long clothes or in your first short dresses.

Somehow men never take much pride in such mementoes of the long ago past. They don't care to be reminded of the fact that they looked "just exactly like that" when the picture was taken, and it is no pleasure to be told that they were "real cunning little things" at that time.

When a man grows to be a big fellow of six feet two and is in the full strength and dignity of his manhood, it rather bores him to have to sit and hear accounts of the things he said and did when he was "a sweet little thing" of one or two years. He doesn't care much about the mouse colored bit of hair cut from his head at that time, and sometimes he actually blushes at sight of the first "dear little shirty" or the first shapeless little pair of socks he ever wore.

He wonders if he ever did look like the puffy-faced, open-mouthed photograph of himself. He wouldn't believe that it was his photograph, but there on the back of the card is written in ink that has begun to fade: "William Henry Smith. His picture at the age of eight months, three weeks and four days. Weight, twenty-two pounds and six ounces." And you are the William Henry referred to. Your heart softens a little at sight of the writing, for the hand that wrote it written so long ago. It was the hand that stood between you and all earthly harm for so many years, the hand that toiled for you, the hand that so often clasped your own in tenderness, or was laid soothingly on your fevered brow in the days of your boyhood—your mother's hand. You do not resent the fact that you were once a little, helpless, pling creature like that when you think of her. You do not yet look at the photograph with any marked pride or admiration; you are rather glad that you have outgrown the need of those infantile days, but it is pleasant to remember that when you were "a little wee thing" your very weakness and helplessness was a source of joy and comfort to your mother. She loved to care for you. But still you have that queer, indefinable feeling when you find in the old family albums those faded little picture of yourself when you were "just a little bit of a thing."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Good For Both.

Peddler—What's that air bird in the cage, ma'am?

Farmer's Wife—That's a bald eagle.

Peddler—Ye don't say! Better try a bottle of my hair-restorer, ma'am. It's good for man or beast.

The Happy Land

When a pretty girl marries rich she has reached the sweet "buy and buy."

Davids' Cough Balsam
A SURE CURE
25c and 50c. a Bottle
C. D. DANIEL & CO. - DRUGGISTS
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A 6	Octave Square for	$ 75
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And other second-hand Pianos at special prices for cash or on easy terms.

OCTAVIUS NEWCOMBE & CO.
107 and 109 Church Street
Rosewood Piano Case Melodions at 50c. per week and upwards until paid for.

"Good morning! What delicious tea! From Hereward Spencer & Co., I suppose?"
"Certainly."

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PURE Indian and Ceylon Teas

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WE GUARANTEE THE

Crown Cooker

Not to scorch or burn the most delicate food. Just think what this means if you are depending upon hired help.

This utensil has a double bottom and sides as far as shown in above cut. The space between the copper or outer bottom, and the bottom proper is filled with asbestos of the finest quality. There is but one dish to clean, no danger of breakage. Soups, puddings, sauces, etc., as well as milk or cream fillings cooked without the slightest danger of being scorched. The sweet cooker cut and 'tis leading all others—on its merits.

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A Lesson for Husbands.

The little silver column in the thermometer was gradually mounting toward the nineties; the leaves hung motionless in the furnace-like air, and the scent of the perfumed swaths of newly cut hay pervaded everything, as Squire Sadley stood under the umbrella-shaped apple tree and wiped his reeking brow with a yard-square pocket handkerchief of yellow silk.

"Phew!" cried the squire, "this is getting too much. I think I shall go home an hour earlier than usual."

"And I, if I wasn't workin' for day's wages," said Israel Newcomb, who was vigorously turning the fragrant billows of green with a fork which gleamed like serried lightning in the sunshine. The squire glared angrily at Israel; it was his pride that he worked as hard as any of his hired men, rich land-owner though he was.

"I s'pose I can do as I please!" said he.

"Sartin!" observed Israel. "I only wish I could!"

The squire went home, selecting the shady path which lay part way through the woods, and crossing the noisy little stream on a make-shift bridge formed by a fallen cedar-tree. Far down in the green cross-lights and glinting reflections of the glen, he could see Will Dallas, who had abandoned all pretenses of fishing, and lay on the moss at Mary Sadley's feet, reading aloud to her, out of some pocket volume of poetry. The squire frowned.

"Spooning—as usual," growled he, under his breath, and pushed steadily on.

The old homestead, painted white, with a refreshing contrast of green blinds, lay basking in the vivid sunshine. The squire looked at it with a complacent sense of proprietorship, as he went around to the back door, where a great honeysuckle vine was all in curls of buff and white blossoms. The roomy kitchen, with its shining copper boiler and white board floor, was silent and empty. He looked around.

"Halloo!" he shouted. "Is every one dead?"

Little Kitty came running out of the front room.

"Hush, father!" said she, holding up a small forefinger. "Mother is asleep."

"Asleep!" roared the squire. "A pretty time of day to be *asleep*, and the whole house wide open, ready for any tramp that may come along, and your grandmother's silver spoons in plain view on the dresser shelf. *Asleep!*"

"I'm sorry, Titus," said an apologetic voice, as a pale, shadowy little woman issued from the hall beyond, where she had been lying on a Procrustean lounge, fashioned of unpainted pine boards, and draped with a lumpy mattress. "I hadn't any idea of falling asleep when I lay down; but my head ached a little—it's the heat, I suppose—and I felt dizzy. I'm very sorry, but surely it isn't twelve o'clock yet."

"I don't lack many minutes of it," said the squire, gloomily, looking at the big wooden clock, whose fat, black Roman numerals glared back at him from behind a green nebula of asparagus branches. "The heat, eh? Well, I s'pose other folks feel it, too. *My* head aches, but I don't take to my bed. And when a man comes home tired and beat out from the hay field, he naturally expects to find things comfortable. I don't know what a woman has her board and her keep for, if it ain't to see that meals is reg'lar and things decent."

"I'm sorry, Titus," nervously reiterated the little woman, fluttering to and fro like a lame winged pigeon, "but I'll make all the haste I can. Dinner will soon be ready. Here, Kitty," to the child, "wash these potatoes in the sink as quickly as you can, and trim the beets, while I run out for some kindlings to hurry up the fire."

A minute afterward, he could hear the quick strokes of the hatchet, and he bethought himself that, in the hurry incident to the haying-time, the pile of kindlings had been allowed to get low.

"It does seem," he said, petulantly, "as if everything hindered a man's dinner."

"Then, father," said Kitty, glancing shrewdly over the top of the tin potato-pan, "why don't you go out and split the kindlings, and let mother tend to the things indoors?"

"Hush, Kitty," said Mrs. Sadley, quickly, as she touched a match to the mass of crumpled papers under the grate.

"Where's the last *Gazette?*" snarled the squire, ignoring Kitty's query.

"Oh, Titus," cried his wife, "I've just set fire to it! I supposed, of course, you'd read it—it's a week old to-day, you know."

"Of course," said Squire Sadley, "I might have known without asking! It's waste and fling away and turn up in this house. There ain't no thing safe where an extravagant woman's concerned!"

"Mother ain't extravagant!" said Kitty.

"Where's them peas I brought in this morning?" sharply demanded the squire, looking around him, with Argus eyes.

"There isn't time to shell them now," said Mrs. Sadley, timidly.

"Time—time!" repeated her husband. "Of course there ain't time, if you sleep away your life on that there sofy. I mean to have them taken away to-morrow. It's a deal too handy. What's the use o' my plantin' the earliest peas in market, and hoein' and brushin' 'em, and then goin' out afore sun-up to pick 'em, if my folks hain't life enough to cook 'em?"

"I'll have 'em for supper," said Mrs. Sadley, with a little *tremolo* in her voice.

"No you won't, neither," said the squire. "I'll send 'em over to neighbor Barton's. His wife's got some snap in her! I declare, it's clear discouraging for a man to be dragged back all the time by a shiftless wife!"

A big round drop plashed down into the frying-pan which Mrs. Sadley was just preparing to receive sundry slices of well-cured ham which she had been cutting; she made no verbal reply, however.

"Eh?" said the squire, "why don't you say something? Sulking, I s'pose, as usual?"

At this, poor Mrs. Sadley burst into tears.

"No, Titus," said she, "I ain't sulking. But I feel awful bad to day, and it don't take much to upset me. It's all true what you say. I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature, and I don't blame you for gettin' out of patience. But if I hadn't worked so hard all these years——"

"Oh, yes, there's always some excuse," growled the squire; and taking a stray "sample number" of a fashion paper, he went out to sit in the honeysuckle shade.

"I can't stand that roasting fire," said he.

"Then," said Kitty, the *enfant terrible*, "how do you suppose mother likes it?"

In an instant, however, her fickle, childish attention was diverted.

"See!" she cried. "There comes cousin Mary and Mr. Dallas over the hill! Oh, father! they're engaged. Did you know it?"

"Yes," absently answered the squire, intent on his paper.

"I was in the parlor that night; it thundered and rained so hard," said Kitty, with a twinkling eye, "and they didn't know it. And I heard them talking to each other. And he called her his darling love—"

"Humph!" grunted the squire. "A reg'lar case o' spooning."

"And she said he was her dearest, dearest one," added Kitty the circumstantial.

"Young fools!" snapped Squire Sadley.

"Father," said Kitty, leaning on his shoulder (she was the only one in the house who was not afraid of the stern despot—"don't all lovers talk so?"

"They're fools for their pains, if they do."

"Didn't you love mother when she was a girl like cousin Mary? Didn't you say just such things to her?"

This squire moved uneasily in his chair under the calm, searching light of Kitty's eyes.

"I might ha' done," he owned at last. "I s'pose I was just as great an idiot as other folks be."

"I don't see why people ever leave it off," said Kitty, abstractedly. "Was mother a pretty girl?"

"Don't talk nonsense," said the squire, almost angrily; and he got up and walked around to the old wooden bench beside the well curb.

Had Kitty's mother been a pretty girl? Yes, that she had—rose-cheeked and limpid-eyed, with a laugh sweet as the note of a thrush, and the lightest foot, in a Virginia reel, of any girl in the neighborhood. And now, "I am a poor, worn-out, feeble creature," she had said, in the faint, weary accents, looking at him out of the dim, faded eyes; "and I don't blame you for getting out of patience." Yes; it was all true. But what had wrought the change? Whose fault was it?

"I don't know," said the squire, staring at heaven's blue eye reflected far down in the heart of the deep, cool well, "but I most think I've been too hard on her. Now I come to study on it, I've had lots o' hired help about the farm, and she's done all the housework herself. And she never was very strong! Was she a pretty girl? There wasn't none prettier in a radius o' twenty miles around Kingsley Church! And to look at her now!"

The squire got up and stamped uneasily around the well.

"I've been a brute!" he muttered to himself. "Worse than a dumb brute—for they ain't supposed to know no better. I don't know what I've been thinkin' of, all these years. Leave off loving her? I hain't never left it off. I love her now, bless her faithful, patient soul, as well as ever I did, only I've fell into the way of bein' careless and neglectful. But I'll turn over a new leaf this very day, see if I don't."

He kept his word.

"Engaged, Mary? Is it really a settled thing?" said Mrs. Sadley. "Oh, I hope you'll be happy! I hope, after twelve years of marriage, dear Mary, you'll be as happy as I am now!"

Her eyes shone; a faint color glowed on her ordinarily pale cheeks. Mary Sadley looked at her in surprise.

"Would you believe," went on the squire's wife, "he has hired a girl to come here and do all the rough work, so as to spare me! And there is such an easy, spring-upholstered sofa in the hall, in place of the lumpy old lounge; and there's one of the hay-hands splitting a pile of wood to last from now to Michaelmas. And we are to keep our wedding anniversary in real old-fashioned style, next week; and Titus has ordered a dress trimmed with white ribbons, just like the one I was married in. He says I shall look as young and pretty as I did then. Such nonsense, you know; and yet it is nice of him to say so—now, isn't it?"

And Mrs. Sadley laughed through her tears.

Poor soul! The sunshine had come late in life, yet it filled her whole being with blessedness.

"I'm so glad!" said Mary. "But you deserve it all, cousin Eunice."

And the newly-betrothed lovers whispered to each other that the millennium must surely be at hand. For what else could so have changed the squire?

They did not stop to reflect that there is truth in the old saw: "Good in all, and none all good."

The Perpetual Borrower.

Of course you have encountered this pest. He is more prevalent than the man who smokes in a car, and quite as annoying. He borrows your penknife, your razors, your notebooks, your writing utensils, your umbrella, and would borrow your toothpick and your toothbrush, if the usages of society admitted of their double "occupancy." What you lend him goes, as a rule, to that bourne from which no traveller returns. Not that he is dishonest, but he considers himself a sort of pensioner on the world at large for minor conveniences, and has no idea that their restoration is expected. As he is usually a good-natured fellow, who would give you anything he had if he had anything to give, you don't like to snub him, and so he passes through life in his shiftless, careless way, unconscious of his demerits, a tolerated nuisance.

Willingly would you raise a subscription, heading the list of donors yourself, to furnish him with all he borrows. But it would be useless. There is no tenacity in his slip shod nature. Whatever you might give him would slip through his fingers. Besides, your professional borrower of small chattels prefers a loan to a gift. So far as your personal comfort is concerned, it is best to meet his application for loans with an emphatic "no." He is not pertinacious. A few rebuffs will suffice. He knows well enough that if you won't supply the article he wants, somebody else will—that if you are "mean," there are others who are "generous."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Automatic Contrivances.

When Houdin, having acquired a comfortable fortune, retired into private life, he built a handsome villa and amused himself by introducing various curious inventions into his place and the grounds attached to it. The garden gate was situated some four hundred yards from the house. A visitor had only to raise a diminutive brass knocker and let it fall upon the forehead of a fantastic face—making but a faint sound—when a large bell was set in motion in the villa. At the same time the gate swung open automatically, the plate bearing the name "Robert Houdin" disappeared, and another took its place on which was engraved the word "Entrez." When the postman delivered the letters he had brought he was instructed to drop them through a slit in the gate into the receptacle provided for this purpose. The box, directly this was done, started of its own accord on its journey to the front door of the house by means of a miniature elevated railway. He also invented a contrivance by which, while lying in bed, he could feed his horse in a stable fifty yards from the villa, for on touching a small button there was put in motion an apparatus that caused the exact portion of oats required for the animal's meal to fall into the manger from the granary above. By another curious piece of mechanism a little bench that stood beside a ravine in a remote part of the grounds was so constructed that immediately any person sat down upon it the machine automatically traversed a narrow bridge that spanned the gorge, and having deposited the occupant on the other side the bench returned to its original position. This rather reminds one of the ingenious devices with which John Wemmick delighted to please "The Aged."

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Every winter and spring Inflammation of the Lungs, induced by neglected Colds and Coughs, causes the death of thousands who might have been saved by the timely use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. ✻✻I was afflicted with a severe Cough, which deprived me of my regular sleep. After trying various remedies, without benefit, I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and used it according to directions. I am happy to say that this medicine cured me.—Robert Holliway, Linn, Mo.

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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Our Holiday Number.

In a few days the Christmas number of this publication will be in your hands. No expense or labor has been spared to make it a first class article. Commencing with the beautiful designed cover everything in its pages has been selected and arranged with the greatest of care and attention, in order to produce an effective and artistic whole. The literary matter, much of it from the pens of well-known writers and some from bright beginners in the literary life, will be found at once wholesome without being heavy, and snappy, without being suggestive. In the engravings the publishers have made a new departure, and offer, this year, reproductions of the best European paintings produced within the last few years. The paper has been made up in the most tasteful style, is beautifully printed on good paper and it is safe talking to say that these forty pages will be the best half dollar's worth you will get this season.

Music.

We have had a rare lot of orchestral music during the last ten days, both indigenous and imported. The home talent in the shape of the Toronto Symphony orchestra, was so fortunate as to have a very full house at the Pavilion on the 20th, when its very creditable work both surprised and delighted the audience. The members seem to have worked with enthusiasm and industry at their rehearsals and the result was some excellent playing. Signor D'Auria certainly showed himself to be possessed of the qualities, artistic and personal, that make the successful conductor. He has taken our home resources, of greater or less individual ability, and welded them together into a band that plays with unity and crispness, with a good tone, and with great attention to detail. Some people seem to have expected that the orchestra should vie with the great organizations of New York and Boston; but this is nonsensical. The question should be rather how well the available material can be made to play together within the limits of its ability. When measured by this criterion, the performance of Sig. D'Auria and his followers is a surprising success.

Their playing showed a fine, clear, distinct tone on the part of the strings, a rich, subdued and mellow effect in the wind instruments, and a very good balance of tone quality. In the wind parts the conductor has been especially successful in modifying and softening the tone. As to execution, a rather difficult subject was attempted in Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream overture, but it was played very well, the strings showing special excellence, some delicate passages being played with most delightful elegance. In the Beethoven symphony, the orchestra was overweighted, and its playing lacked firmness and breadth of phrasing. Schumann's Traumerei and Romance were very well played, although the tempo of the latter was rather slow. A fresh and spirited composition was Victor Masse's overture to the Marriage of Jeannette, which was splendidly played by the orchestra.

In Strauss' Leitartikel waltz, Sig. D'Auria showed the true Straussian spirit, and gave a rendition full of the eccentric time-fantasies that the late visit of the Waltz King has made popular. The gallery found an agreeable morceau in Loeschhorn's brilliant march, La Belle Amazone, already familiar to frequenters of comic opera as the music to which most of the pretty female marches are carried out. Sig. D'Auria's own compositions showed in very good light. His Scottish Recollections are cleverly put together and treated in a scholarly manner. The orchestration is bright and brilliant, yet with a solid foundation that makes the whole a rich tone-picture. Especially worthy of praise in its performance was a sketch of The Bluebells of Scotland by the brass, which was played with a beautiful tone. Mme. D'Auria gave a brilliant performance of the Polonaise from Mignon, and sang Delibes' Maids of Cadiz with great spirit. She was recalled in both instances.

On November 21 the return concert, so to speak, of the Elm-Jarvis street choirs was given at Jarvis street Baptist church to an overflowing audience, who were loud in their expressions of admiration. The choruses were well sung and gave evidences of careful preparation and attention to phrasing and expression, and were warmly applauded. Specially good were Sullivan's Watchman, What of the Night, sung by Jarvis street choir, and Gladsome Light, sung by Elm street, both unaccompanied, and the former being encored. Solos were sung by Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. A. E. Dent, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mrs. Milligan and Miss McGill, the latter a contralto *debutante*, who gave a charming rendition of Lohr's Golden Threshold. Mrs. Blight played the accompaniments and Mr. A. S. Vogt conducted the combined choirs. Mr. W. E. Fairclough played several organ solos in a masterly manner.

On the same evening, at the public debate of the Osgoode Legal and Literary Society, Mrs. Mackelcan and the Osgoode Glee Club, under Mr. E. W. Schueb, provided some very acceptable music. Mrs. Mackelcan was in splendid voice and never sang with more expression and sentiment than she did that evening. Her songs were Lucy Gray and Love's Sorrow, both of which were encored. The Glee Club sang excellently, although it had received only three rehearsals. Its rendering of Stars of the Summer Night met with stormy applause that the chairman found it difficult to quell.

On Saturday evening Dr. and Mrs. J. B. Hall gave a most enjoyable musicale to a large number of invited guests, in aid of the Homœopathic Hospital. A splendid programme had been arranged in which piano solos were played by Mrs. Irene M. Gurney and Mrs. G. T. Blackstock, and vocal numbers were contributed by Miss May Clark and Mrs. Hall, assisted by Mrs. Weir and Mr. Robinson of Hamilton. Both departments, instrumental and vocal, were, as might be expected from these names most delightfully carried out.

On Monday and Tuesday the orchestra conducted by Mr. Carl Zerrahn of Boston gave three performances at the Pavilion. Good as the performances were the audiences were wretchedly small and utterly inadequate to pay the Philharmonic Society for its enterprise and public spirit in bringing such an organization here. Whatever the causes for this failure may be, the concerts were most enjoyable. The orchestra was a small one—only thirty-seven men, but they played excellently, and the lack of talent was excellently disguised by Mr. Zerrahn in almost all cases. The strings were excellent in tone and quality, though weak numerically, and the wind instruments, especially the horns were very fine. The oboe was a trifle discordant in quality by which some fine effects were occasionally lost. Mr. Zerrahn can never be called an apostle of noise, for he keeps his orchestra down to a lovely soft tone, and even his fortissimos are given with reserve. Notably was this the case in the Ride of the Valkyries, in which there was too much repression and also a rather slow tempo. Of the five great overtures played, the Oberon was best adapted to the size of the orchestra, and it received a really beautiful reading. The William Tell overture comes next in order of excellent rendition. The Wager overtures are too big for an orchestra with a full wind compliment and slight strings. Still the conductor's reading of them and the exquisite phrasing rendered them enjoyable in the extreme. The unfinished symphony of Schubert was played with great attention to detail, and was one of the most finished performances we have had in Toronto. It received just seven seconds of weak applause!

But it was in the programme pieces that Zerrahn shone. It would be difficult to imagine more exquisite renditions than those given Gillet's Loin du Bal and Grieg's Peer Gynt. Elegance of detail, artistic phrasing, delicacy of tone all combined to make these gems delightful in the extreme. Mr. Zerrahn rejoices in quaint fanciful work, and imparts his enjoyment to his audience with fullest generosity. Rubinstein's Bal Costume was also a very enjoyable number. The Chopin Funeral March was a very impressive performance, but lacked the purity of tone which characterized the other selections. The grotesque Dance Macabre of Saint Saëns was a decided novelty and its bizarre effects were exceedingly well brought out. Mrs. Blackstock's Danse a Pierrots, a very bright and sparkling composition was well played by the orchestra.

The vocalists were very satisfactory as to the ladies. Miss Jennie Dutton has a fine vibrant soprano voice which she uses very well. She gave a very impressive rendering of the great aria from Gounod's Reine de Saba, and also of Mendelssohn's Infelice. Miss Annie Beere has a powerful contralto voice, a trifle sombre in color and occasionally uncertain in intonation. She, however, gave a very acceptable performance of Oh Mio Fernando. Mrs. Ida Bond-Younge was perfectly satisfactory. She has a soprano voice of beautiful quality and a pure well-sustained tone. She sang Weber's Ocean Thou Mighty Monster in splendid style, and it was much regretted that she had only the one number on the three programmes. Dr. Carl E. Martin was unfortunate enough to lose the orchestral parts for Oh Tu Palermo, and sang The Bedouin Love Song instead. His voice is large and powerful, but his singing is uninteresting. Absence of phrasing and expression mar what ought to be a good performance, to which should be added indistinct enunciation. The tenor, Mr. William Dennison, was disappointing in intonation and tone. The Philharmonic Society, under Mr. Torrington, sang very well, but had difficulties with the pitch in the Messenger chorus from Rienzi and in the Pilgrims' chorus from Tannhæuser. They sang exceedingly well in Tannhæuser Festmarsch and the Meistersinger finale.

On the same evenings the Balmoral Choir sang to large audiences at Association Hall. The scent of the heather never leaves Scottish music and always attracts not only Scotchmen but others as well. The choir sang well together, with the same excellences of shading and style that characterized its performance last year. The soloists were better than on their previous visit and earned hearty applause.

On Monday evening the quarterly concert of the Conservatory pupils took place at Association Hall in which all the students acquitted themselves most creditably. The performers on the organ were Miss Dallas, A.T.C.M., Miss Florence Brown, and Mr. J. Meredith McKim. The pianists were Miss Louie McDowell, Miss Elsie Darling, Miss Ethelind Thomas, and Miss Kathleen B. Stayner. Violin and 'cello performers were Miss Maud Fairbairn, Miss Lilian Littlehales, and Miss Lena M. Hayes. The vocalists of the evening were Miss Frances Morris, Miss Mary Pridham, Mr. Frank Barber, Mr. J. Bayne Coulthard and Mr. W. C. Palmer.

On Sunday evening last, at the Church of the Redeemer, Mr. Harold Jarvis sang Oh, For a Closer Walk very impressively, as an obligato to the chorus by the choir. Mr. Jarvis will take part in the Christmas service at this church, when he will sing Comfort Ye and Every Valley.

On the 18th Mr. J. W. F. Harrison gave a lecture recital, assisted by Miss Ada Hart, at which he ably elucidated Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream and Beethoven's First Symphony.

Mr. and Mrs. Allan M. Dymond have returned from their wedding trip and will be at home to their friends during the week commencing Monday, December 1, at their residence, 68 Robert street. Mrs. Dymond, as Miss Mellish, Mus. Bac., has been during the past three years connected with the Toronto Conservatory of Music, St. Hilda's College and the Presbyterian Ladies' College, and is well known in Toronto musical circles.

METRONOME.

A beautiful reproduction of Mr. G. A. Reid's painting The Other Side of the Question, in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS—out December 1. For sale by all newsdealers or sent from office of publication on receipt of price—50 cents.

The Drama.

Like many others who had at various times noted the devious career of Mrs. Leslie Carter, I was interested in her first appearance on the stage. Perhaps no woman's *debut* as an actress was ever preceded by so much adverse attention from the press. In defending the honor of the profession dramatic writers were loud in their denunciations of the scheme to bring Mrs. Carter, of scandalous notoriety, into the circle already defamed by too many ducklings of her kind. But America is a free country, and it is creditable to Mrs. Carter's fortitude, if not to her modesty, that, despite the opposing efforts of the most powerful engine of modern civilization, she persisted in her determination to tread the boards. It was forecast that no one would be found audacious enough to become her manager; that no company worthy of the name could be got together to support her. But the subtle influence of the insinuating shekel overthrew all those predictions, and this week, on the stage of the Grand Opera House here, is seen, in the spirit and in the flesh, the falsification of many vigorous prophecies.

Two weeks ago last Monday night in New York city, where the voice of censure had schoed loudest, Mrs. Leslie Carter made her first public appearance on any stage. This was a cheeky thing to do. It seemed like throwing down the glove of defiance. Its results, however, must have sustained the judgment of those who advised it, for every journal of consequence in New York expressed the opinion that Mrs. Carter's *debut* was a surprise in point of its being so successful. After a brief engagement there the company left the metropolis, and we have this week seen what seldom falls to our lot here—a new star and a new play in the third week of their young career for public favor. As the chief interest centers in the former, let me devote myself first to the astronomical portion of my subject.

Mrs. Carter's first appearance in The Ugly Duckling is in the character of a young girl just home from school. She floats in from the wings with her long, golden hair hanging loosely behind and clad in a light blue gown, flowing in its lines, which artistically drapes, or clings to her supple figure at every movement. The first impression is favorable. She has the face, the figure and the bearing of an actress. Her hair curls gracefully around a shapely brow. Her eyes are large and expressive. Her face is mobile and readily adapts itself to the expression of varied emotion. Her mouth is large and her manner of using it in the expression of different emotions is at times almost painfully ungraceful. Her voice is strong and melodious and pleasing to listen to. Her action is graceful and not at all stagey, and in the most fervid declamation is well in keeping with the sentiments expressed. That which indicates the tyro most clearly is the tendency to overdo certain parts. In the nervous desire to express a feeling it is over-expressed. An instance is where she sits before the grate with her lover's letter. At that point the sensation came over me, which, I was wont to feel long ago in listening to the maiden efforts of some of my schoolmates in public debate. The repose that gives strength is often found wanting. In the more impassioned portions of her work she rises to the occasion excellently, and the force and spontaneity of her acting in those passages make one predict for her a chance of a successful career behind the footlights.

The Ugly Duckling could very well stand some pruning, but to make a good play of it would require the same complete repairing as the Irishman's gun needed. Though containing much bright dialogue, its plot is complex and strained. In many places one has to stop and ask what it is all about anyway. The first scene opens at the residence of Prof. Graydon. Mrs. Graydon, a match-making mamma has just had the pleasure of seeing her eldest daughter, Hester, capture Lord Huntingtower, an English nobleman. The younger daughter, Kate, has been the ugly duckling of the flock with her mother. She is just returning from school and her mother has planned to marry her to Jack Farragutt, a wealthy young man of sporting proclivities. Another suitor awaits her, however, in the person of Douglas Oakley, a young barrister. But Kate had formed an intimacy at school with a young man, and both had been much smitten. This young man proves to be none other than Huntingtower, now betrothed to Kate's sister, who had been going under an assumed name. Nemesis was pursuing him again, in the form of a Corsican named Count Malatesta, who thought Huntingtower had seduced his wife. His scheme of revenge was a novel one. After the marriage of Hester and Lord Huntingtower, jealousy is aroused by his lordship's marked preference for Kate. Hester's jealousy is carefully watched by the Corsican and fatered to until he gives her to believe that her husband and Kate meet clandestinely at his lodgings, whereupon she determines to watch them. His plan is to entrap Hester in his room and then expose her to her husband and some friends, thus striking the husband through the wife. Kate overhears Hester's resolution, however, and is successful in partially foiling Malatesta's scheme by several devices which are more remarkable than probable. Knowledge of the Corsican's plot is also conveyed to Douglas Oakley by the plotter himself while under the influence of opium. This part of the play where the most powerful acting comes in is at the same time the most unlikely. By using a narcotic on her fan Kate succeeds in drugging Malatesta and effecting her sister's escape before she is discovered. The upshot of the whole affair is that Malatesta discovers that the man who wronged him is dead and that the Huntingtower he is pursuing is his brother. Kate marries Douglas Oakley and the Huntingtowers retire to more peaceful walks of connubial felicity.

It must not be supposed that because the star is a novice and the play deficient in many respects that the performance as a whole is unsatisfactory. Quite the reverse! It is seldom that so much is made of a second-rate play. The influence of a skilful stage manager is everywhere visible, and few plays are presented here more finished in detail than The Ugly Duckling. The three sets of indoor scenery with which it is mounted, are perhaps the most complete ever shown here. Everything of a mechanical nature required to make it a perfect performance is present and, besides, there is the very important adjunct of a first-class company in support, if such a term can be used in this case.

I had expected that the burden of the play was to fall on the shoulders of the Mr. Arthur Dacre, the actor imported from England especially to support Mrs. Carter. It was with some disappointment that I witnessed his performance. His *role*, though it promises at the beginning to be important, owing to the peculiar construction of the play is kept in the background all the way through. Then Mr. Dacre walks through it in a polished, well-bred style, as if bored with the whole business. It is a poor part and Mr. Arthur Dacre by his impersonation of it does not once cause an extra throb of emotion to stir anyone's breast. The star of the cast is emphatically Mr. E. J. Henley, who plays Count Malatesta. Mr. Henley is more than a mere finished elocutionist and actor. He has "that within which passes show," and no one can listen to him without feeling the vibrations of sympathetic magnetism which mere art can never command. The word "intense" might be used to denote the pre-eminent quality of his work. Reposeful and calm as it is, it conveys the impression of a restrained power within. It is the calm of a steam boiler, with the gauge registering 120. In the opium scene in the third act Mr. Henley rises to a climax which is attained at no other time during the play. Mr. W. H. Thompson makes the most of a small part in Prof. Graydon. Viscount Huntingtower, in the hands of Mr. Ian Robertson, gets a rather cool but careful treatment. Mr. R. F. Cotton is amusing as Ernest Ganby, a sort of an attenuated Ward McAllister, and Mr. Raymond Holmes gives a very clever character sketch of Jack Farragutt, the sporting man. Mr. Mervyn Dallas as the Chevalier Raff scarcely opens his mouth. Miss Ida Vernon is splendid as Mrs. Graydon. Miss Helen Bancroft, who, as many will remember, played with Coghlan last year, gives a forceful delineation of Hester Graydon, while Miss Helen Russell is delightfully vivacious and pert in her portrayal of Mrs. Ganby, a slave of society. From such a company it would be difficult to get a very poor performance.

Madame and Augustine Neuville in The Boy Tramp are the attraction at Jacobs & Sparrow's this week. As this well known sensational melodrama has been several times noticed in this column already it is unnecessary to again refer to it at length.

Trinity Talk.

The men are just beginning to realize that the Christmas examinations, with which Trinity students are afflicted, are not so very far distant, and the time is at hand when it is necessary to begin some sort of revision, and one can notice along the western corridors many "sported" oaks which forbid intrusion on the industrious worker within. Lectures end on December 9, and the examinations begin on the 13th.

The meetings of the Literary Institute which have been held during this term have been unusually well attended, this however may be easily accounted for by the increase in the number of names on the books. The debates, however, have not raised a vast amount of enthusiasm, and in one case in particular but two of the hearers considered the debate worthy of a vote. If the men would but prepare their subject beforehand they would find, not only that it was much easier to speak, but that it would be much easier for those present to listen. Perhaps if the council were to exercise a little more judgment in choosing the subjects for debate more pains would be taken in preparation. The essays, of which there have been but two, can only be said to have been fair.

The Rugby Football season has come to a close and the enthulasts have taken to Association. A game is to be played with the 'Varsity Butes, which will be sure to be amusing. The Rugby season has been only fairly successful, five matches having been played in which the wearers of the red and black were victors in three, beating the Canadians, Trinity School and Ontario Agricultural College, and being beaten by Upper Canada and 'Varsity. The total number of points scored by Trinity were 122 as against 31 of their opponents.

The Glee Club has filled its last engagement till the Christmas exams shall be of the past, when a trip to Orangeville will be taken by the Glee Club quartette.

CÆCUS.

Jonah's Slang.

"Well," said Jonah, as he stood on the shore and watched the whale swim away, "for one I'm glad I'm not in it."

On Divers Strings.

The Indian

For Saturday Night.

HEN Autumn's winds amid the trees make moan,
Sere trees that shiver in the drenching flood,
I fancy that they grieve for us alone,
Fast-fading remnant of an ancient blood;

In them I hear my race's dying groan
Borne down the echoing emptiness of the land,
Which once our fathers ruled unto their mood,
But now is tenantless, without a hand
To wheel the reinless horse or stem the raging flood.

Yet when God's spring smiles once again on high,
And all the fields ring loud with whistling song
Borne from the woodland, then I know that I
Shall feel a melancholy joy, and long
Not for the days of blood and battle cry,
When some dead chief swept o'er his foeman's land,
But rather for the time when nothing wrong
Shall stain a record writ by human hand;
Tho' long ere that day dawn, this melting band
All silent 'neath our fathers' pile must lie,
Known only as the theme of some sad, wailing song.

JAMES A. TUCKER.

I Had a Dream.

For Saturday Night.

Knowing ones say, when a sound that,
Smites on the sense of a sleeper,
Enters his dream, it is found that
Wearing its way ever deeper
Into his mind and its visions,
Like to the brook and the valley,
Hard 'tis to make two decisions—
That with each other will tally—
Which 'twas directed the courses
Visions and sounds have been taking
Since they united their forces
Till they dissolved at the waking.
Cause and effect I can't sever,
Howe'er the question I vary—
Seeking with utmost endeavor—
Oh, she was fair as a fairy!
(Fairy that followed the fashion)
I was as fond as a fool is,
When he is plagued with a passion,
Ere he knows what to be cool is.
She was as choice a young charmer
As e'er was known as a lurer;
Love's sweet, but love's an alarmer—
If someone else should secure her.
With such thoughts ever clamaying,
Furiously fervent I pleaded:
"Love, make an end to delaying,
Make up your mind to be wedded."
Wedded we were, it was wondrous,
All in one dream, such quick timeing!
Names writ; and now, who can sunder us?
Bells o'er our heads started chiming.

. . . . . .

Lo! and behold! I was waking,
Waking up fearfully frighted.
Right in my ear a ball shaking,
There stands my wife most excited,
Wonders how long I am taking
Getting the kitchen stove lighted.

S. SOMERVILLE.

Where All Agree.

Oh, there are many men of many minds,
It takes all sorts of womankind to please 'em;
Some like a meek, submissive soul the best,
And some an elf who'll tantalize and tease 'em.

What's one man's poison is another's meat;
To think your standard's mine, don't make the error:
What seems a perfect paragon to you
Might but appal me as a holy terror.

While one man wants a wife all sentiment,
A radiant creature, rapt-eyed and romantic
And full of yearning for a kindred soul,
She'd, ten to one, drive other fellows frantic

You most admire the proud, majestic mien
Of one by Nature's right divine, Regina;
Your neighbor dotes upon a damsel dear
And dainty as a bit of Dresden china.

'Tis true my style's the classic Grecian nose
Et cetera—yet there are men who do say
There's nothing quite so "fetching" in the line
Of female charms as is the new retrousse.

Oh, one's ideal is divinely fair
And most divinely tall, like Princess Ida;
Another's is a dark-eyed little dot
Who looks, for all the world, a dwarf beside her.

Oh, some like beauty best, and some like brains!
To Rusticus, what's loveliness or learning?
His belle ideal is a buxom lass
Whose soul ne'er soars 'bove pots and pans and churning.

Yet ev'ry man (for each is more or less
A Philistine, an unsesthetic sinner)
Vows Venus and Minerva both combined
Can't fill the bill if they can't cook a dinner!

The Man Who Cannot Laugh.

There are scores of individuals we really can't adore,
And the chiefest of the number is the very trying bore
Who, when you're feeling jolly and a little fun would poke,
Will never see the point until you diagram your joke.

His eyes assume a vacant stare until he thinks awhile
With great deliberation, then he dons a faded smile.
Oh, it would be a pleasure just to write the epitaph
And hide away the shadow of the man who cannot laugh!

How like a biting frost that chills the roses in their bloom
Are sombre individuals who wear a cloak of gloom;
Who cannot comprehend the worth of just a spark of fun,
Who shrink from joy and pleasure as the bats avoid the sun.

The deeper, sober thought within the heart should have a place,
But let glad laughter now and then the cares of life erase;
Away with him who cannot sift the kernels from the chaff!
This world could well wag on without the man who cannot laugh.

Read the prize story, The Skylla of Quebec, a romance of the taking of Quebec, in the Christmas Number of SATURDAY NIGHT. Ready on December 1. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage paid, by the publishers, price 50 cents.

Excusable Awkwardness.

Guest—Ouch! Geewhittaker! You've spilled some soup down my neck!

Waiter—I's orful sorry, sah; but you see, sah, I's so in doubt if you is gwine to gub me a tip or not, it makes me nervous.

His Little Joke.

He—What makes the dining-room so cold, dear?

She—I think, love, it must be the frieze on the wall.

Noted People.

Emile Zola, through excessive reading at night, has nearly lost his eyesight.

George Bancroft the historian is the oldest survivor of Harvard's graduating class of 1817.

Edward W. Bellamy is about to start a new weekly in New York. It will be chiefly an organ for the nationalists, but is to contain general literature as well.

The Queen of Italy likes nothing so much as the museum of gloves, fans, boots and shoes used and worn at different periods at the various courts of the States of Italy.

Mr. Tennant has taken refuge upon his ranch in Texas from the importunities of officious people, who persecuted him with attentions because he is Stanley's brother-in-law.

A portrait bust of the poet, James Whitcomb Riley, has been completed in clay by R. H. Park, after eight years of intermittent work; and in Indianapolis the likeness is thought to be good. The model will be sent to Rome, a few days hence, for a bronze casting.

The beautiful London house in which Whistler painted a peacock room, and which now owns as its mistress the Mrs. Leyland who was Miss Jennie Chamberlain, is the subject of an article prepared for one of the December magazines. It is called A Preraphaelite Mansion.

Gladstone and Mme. Patti, after a recent concert in Edinburgh, sat down together on a sofa and earnestly discussed the relative merits of various throat lozenges. Mr. Gladstone received from the diva the one she regarded as the most efficacious, and consumed it on the spot.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett puts the value received, so far, of Little Lord Fauntleroy—book, play, and all—at one hundred thousand dollars. And Fauntleroy himself, now a tall, delicate, overgrown boy of seventeen, is being taken from place to place in Europe to recover his lost health.

The books of Augusta Evans Wilson foot up the total of 425,000 copies sold. Editions of some of the books have been printed in the German, French, and Italian languages, and freely sold in Damerara, Guiana. Mrs. Evans Wilson resides near Mobile, Ala., but owing to poor health is forced to literary inactivity.

Queen Victoria has long had a habit of sending her cast off linen to the London hospitals. At first the royal crest and monogram were left upon it unthought of, but when it was found that one of the hospital matrons was making a very pretty income by selling the garments she was peremptorily dismissed, and care was afterward taken to cut out the royal device.

Mark Twain's mother, Mrs. Jane Clemens, who recently died in Keokuk, Ia., was in her youth noted for her beauty and vivacity, characteristics which remained with her to her death. Of her family three children survive her, Samuel L. Clements of Hartford, Conn., Orion Clemens, Keokuk, and Mrs. P. A. Moffett, Oakland, Cal. Mrs. Clemens was buried at Hannibal, Mo., where her husband is interred.

The Polish African traveller, Scholz-Rogozinski, has lately spent some time on the island of Fernando Po, in the Bight of Biafra. He has discovered there three lakes hitherto unknown, and a warm spring, the water of which resembles in its properties the waters of Carlsbad. Rogozinski has been engaged in erecting a monument on the island to the memory of Richard Lander, the explorer of the Niger region, on behalf of the Royal Geographical Society.

What has become of that lost Pleiad, Amelie Rives Chanler? One hears of her studying very hard in Paris, going out much into society, and declaring vehemently that literature shall know her no more. But, after subtracting all the bumcyant nonsense from her work, it remains that she can write a story of action, not merely of feeling. But, in spite of Amelie's protests, she will no doubt begin to write again. Novel-writing, like the taste of blood to a tiger—is never forgotten.

The following is related of Mr. Edmund Yates, editor of the *World*. Being in a dilemma respecting a certain article which was to appear in that paper, he was so far engaged reflecting on the subject whilst in church, as evidently to neglect his usual devotions. This a lady friend took the liberty to mention, when he immediately rejoined: "I can assure you, madam, that whatever may be your opinion of the matter, my mind is wholly occupied in thinking of the next *World*."

Signor Foli some time ago attended a concert at St. Helens, and sang The Raft, by Pinsuti. He had just finished the first verse when an infant in arms made the hall resound with its cries. Foli commenced the second verse, the first line of which was "Hark! what sound is that which greets the mother's ear!" He could go no farther than the end of the line by reason of a fit of uncontrollable laughter. The audience at first failed to see the cause of his mirth, but presently it dawned upon them, and they all laughed heartily with him. He left the stage, but soon returned smiling, and rendered in his inimitable style Out on the Deep.

The King of Saxony is a man of artistic tastes who believes in patronizing the taste for harmonious *tout ensemble*s, even in unimportant things, as he has just shown by the edict that has gone forth from his hunting-boxes on the Bohemian frontier. Until quite recently the Amazons who assisted in the hunting of the wily fox and the light-footed deer were always present at the dinner after the day's work in the forests was done. The gentlemen had, of course, to don evening dress in deference to the fair ladies, and when, after dinner, they went out into the courtyard to inspect the bags, and to identify, according to custom, each his own special prey, they had to wear the woodman's knife at their side, and the hunter's hat, together with a frock-coat and a large white shirt-front studded with diamonds. "This looks ridiculous, inelegant," said the king, "and, since we could not be so impolite as to sit down to dinner with the ladies dressed in anything but broadcloth, we must henceforth, and with great regret, exclude them from the hunting-dinners."

A Peanut Legend.

For Saturday Night.

Young Hezekiah Mac fell deep in love with Ethel Murphy,
So William Dander told me on the Island last July;
We were lying snug and shady where the grass was soft and turfy
And the Bay was boiling over and the boats were in a fry.
Now Dander beats the divil when it comes to telling stories
And he'll talk a month of Sundays if you let him smoke his clay,
Och! he's great about his travels or on Ireland's ancient glories
And you never met his equal yet when day-li*-gone*† is gray.
Well, Miss Ethel was an heiress and an orphan, William started,
And as lovely as Queen Vashti, and by all accounts as proud,
But Hezekiah doted on her, not a bit downhearted
Because he was no more to her than any in the crowd.
He wasn't too well favored, and he wasn't very clever,
And thirty bob a week was every penny of his pay,
But with managing he spruced himself and made his best endeavor
And joined the Linenhall,† and read the books in section K.
He came no speed at all at all in meeting with the lady,
And it's very well he didn't for he'd just have got a snub,
But he kept on saving money and one fine and happy pay day
He bought a brand new bicycle and joined the Richmond Club.
And after that by day and night he dreamt on tracks and training
Till the joggling of his legs would knock the blankets all astray,
And he'd start awake and hurry, be the weather dry or raining,
To be out and on the cinder-pad before the screek of day.
He knew she wouldn't speak to him unless he could be famous
And he never could catch up to that unless it was on wheels,
But he thought he'd learn Miss Ethel he was not an ignoramus
When he owned the champion muscles and the smartest pair of heels.
The spring of eighty-four it was he started first at racing
At the Easter sports in April he was premier of the day;
There had been a lot of preaching that athletics were debasing,
"And I'll debase the record," Hezekiah said, "in May."
His form was something wonderful, his spurting led the finishing,
And nothing in Belfast could touch him one to fifty miles;
But still he was the victim of an agitating passion,
And as far away as ever from Miss Ethel Murphy's smiles.
So he notified the club and they appointed a committee
To time him on the morning of the twenty-fourth of May,
And they gathered bright and early, at the morning prime so pretty,
With Dander's big chronometer to regulate the play,
The Lagan ran like silver in the morning sunlight shining,
And the great trees wore their greenest of the fresh and dewy spring,
The Ormeau Park is beautiful, but fair beyond divining
In the first rich life of summer ere the Mayfly takes its wing.
An even mile the race track ran through planes and elms and beeches,
And the Captain had his ticker ready waiting Mac to mount,
When a tall dark stranger joins them, and an oilcan out he reaches
And says "Just try this oil here; it will help your wheels to count."
Well, Hezekiah oiled again, ball-bearings, head and pedals,
And thanked the tall dark stranger and remounted his machine,
While the Captain looked annoyed, the way you look at one that meddles,
But gave the word and started him while interest got keen.
"Three-forty-three" cried Dander, as he clored the first lap easy,
"He needs a man to speed him," cried the Bugler with conceit.
"He's waiting on his wind," said one; "I noticed he was wheezy,"
But walking off, half-laughing, said the stranger "it's the heat."
The second mile was better; says the Captain, "Three-eleven"
As he swept down round the corner past the crowd upon the grass,
And they cheered him good and hearty as the third "Two-fifty-seven"
And they saw his teeth set steady as they gave him room to pass.
The fourth one finished fifty-two, and gathering round the ticker,
They wondered as they watched him spurting down the long straight track,
To lose him at the turn among the trees till quick and quicker
And humming like a bee among the bushes he came back.
"Two-forty-one" they yelled and screched, as on he went still faster
"He'll whack the record hollow if he's only fit to stay
Some cautious fellows muttered they were feared of a disaster,
"His wheel might buckle under him; the rubber might give way."
But the sixth mile reeled below him and the record went to pieces
As the seventh one was finished with a cheer that split the air,
"Two-twenty-eight and game for more. Each lap the pace increases"
Says the Captain "Mr. Bugler you can speed him if you care."
The eighth and ninth went higher and the tenth just touched two minutes,
Then even William Dander thought they'd pretty near enough,
And the whole lot got that quiet they could hear a pair of linnets
That were singingright behind them, and the Captain Still on went Hezekiah never slacking, never minding,
But whizzing round the corners sharp at forty-five degrees,
Till they noticed at the thirteenth lap as harder he came grinding
A sort of steam behind him on the light May morning breeze.
A mist like thin tobacco reek, uncanny and mysterious,
And his eye was fiery flaming as he passed them once again,
"We must stop him," then said Dander; "Yes," the Captain said, "it's serious,
It looks like he was melting since he finished off the ten."
But he flew ahead still faster at a rate beyond all telling
They heard the spokes revolving with a gruesome sort of scream,
As sweeping, fleeting, past them all, some wild, mad force impelling,
He turned the eighteenth corner in a drifting cloud of steam.
But when he came the next time there was nothing of the vapor
The crying noise the spokes had made had faded quite away,
His face seemed half transparent with a look of tissue paper,
And his flannels looked like gossamer or cobweb silver grey.
But his eyes kept burning, burning, though he seemed so light and airy,
As he did the mile a minute and went by them like a flash;
And then the Bugler fainted, as it seems, to be contrary,
And falling on two bicycles, upset them with a crash.
'Twas somehow then they lost him with the fainting and the flurry,
Some said he took the Lagan village, some the Ormeau Park,
But they got the Bugler better and went homewards in a hurry,
And agreed to keep it quiet, and they never ride out late.
But the queerest thing about it was the news they heard at dinner,
That morning very suddenly, Miss Ethel Murphy died.
And Dander says it makes him creep and feel a bigger sinner,
To think of what he saw of Hezekiah's phantom ride.

ALBERT E. S. SMYTHE.

* Day-light-gone. † A library.

Two large, superb colored pictures given as a supplement with SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS, beautiful pictures of children and animal life—out December 1. Price 50 cents. Send a copy to your friends.

"Listen to My Tale of Woe."

LONG ago the immortal Shakespeare wrote:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,"

so said Shakespeare and so say I. No one knows what I have suffered from the kindness (?) of my friends in lending me books. It does not bother me so much in summer, for when it is ninety degrees in the shade one does not mind skimming through a legion of light novels. But as the cold days begin to creep in and the trees doff their crimson caps in respectful recognition of venerable old winter, I feel like giving my brain a thorough house-cleaning. Sweeping away all the Julianas and Arabellas with their host of admirers, and making it ready to receive more distinguished guests.

With this end in view, I gather together all the books my friends have lavished upon me and go to my first neighbor saying:

"I have come to return the books you so kindly lent me."

This I say with the greatest alacrity, at the same time feeling myself a wretched hypocrite on account of that little word "kindly."

"Oh," says my friend, "have you quite finished with them?"

"Yes, thank you," I answer, praying the gods that she won't ask me my valuable opinion of any of the sentimental characters in them, which have entirely dropped out of my poor memory. But she does not. Instead she says:

"I have just received a number of new novels and if you will wait a moment I will run and get them," and she does run, not heeding my feeble remonstrance.

Back she comes with her arms full of books. I stifle a sigh and say cheerfully: "Thank you, thank you, but I would not think of depriving you of all these."

She assures me that she has finished with them and hopes I will enjoy them as much as she has done.

So I leave my kind neighbor more heavily laden than when I entered her domicile.

I journey on to my next friend. This time I am wiser and leave out the "kindly" in returning thanks for her books. Nevertheless, she darts off upstairs without saying a word, and her sister entertains me. I begin to breathe freely and to think the omission of "kindly" has saved me, when my friend reenters and says:

"Excuse me for leaving you so abruptly, but I knew you would want more books so I went at once to get them before I forgot."

How fervently I wish she had waited till it passed out of her memory. I am mute, so she rattles on—

"Will these do? For I don't know of any more nice ones just now."

Here I rouse myself to say firmly: "This one will be sufficient thank you," selecting one of the least trashy. "Miss L—— lent me quite a number so I am not in need of any books just now."

I think myself well out of it but am doomed to disappointment for before I leave, *mon amie* again darts upstairs and after shouting from that height the titles of a number of books, all of which, I need not add, I swore I had read, she at last descends with alas! one in her hand which I "must take" and I am forced to grin and bear it.

At my third friend's house I meet with much the same experience; but as this friend is a man, I lose my Job-like patience, my Spartan-like endurance, and when my friend asks me if I want the latest novel, I shout:

"Lord! man, don't you see my arms are full of them now? Do you all want to send me to a lunatic asylum? Do I want a book? No, sir, I don't want anyone to lend me a book for the rest of my days." And I fling myself out of the room leaving my astonished and bewildered friend rooted to the spot.

I rush home, go into my library, take a list of all the books which have been borrowed from me and never returned, for of course I have suffered in this way also; who hasn't? and then write notes to these people saying, I have need of those books immediately. This done, I go out and post my notes myself.

I have now only one thing left undone. I retire again to my library and soon after the inmates of my house are gathered around the door, gazing at a large card hanging over it on which is printed in capital letters:

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be,
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry."

E. G. K.

Forty pages of excellent reading matter and beautiful illustrations in SATURDAY NIGHT'S CHRISTMAS—out December 1. For sale by all newsdealers or sent from office of publication on receipt of price—50 cents.

Canon and Archdeacon Farrar.

The Chaplaincy of the House of Commons, vacated by the recent death of the Rev. Henry White, has been conferred by the Speaker on the Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, the Ven. and Rev. Frederick William Farrar, D.D., Archdeacon of Westminster, Canon of Westminster Abbey, Rural Dean, and one of the Queen's Chaplains. Dr. Farrar is well known as the author of several very popular and successful books, as a preacher and theological writer of broad Liberal views, and as a zealous advocate of social reforms, including the restriction of the sale of intoxicating drink; he has also written and lectured on the improvement of higher public school teaching, and on subjects of philological research. He was born in 1831, at Bombay, son of the late Rev. C. R. Farrar, afterwards Rector of Sidcup, in Kent; he was educated at King William's College, Isle of Man; at King's College, London; and at Trinity College, Cambridge; gaining a classical exhibition and scholarship of London University, a scholarship and fellowship of Trinity College and high Cambridge University honors, being fourth in the first class of the Classical Tripos in 1850, and Junior Optime in mathematics; also winning the Chancellor's Prize for English verse, the Le Bas Classical Prize, and the Norrisian Prize. In 1854 he was ordained deacon, and priest in 1857. He was for some years an assistant master of Harrow School, under the Rev. Dr. C. J. Vaughan, afterwards Master of the Temple and Dean of Llandaff, and his successor, the Rev. Dr. R. M. Butler, afterwards Master of Trinity. Dr. Farrar subsequently, from January 1871 to April 1876, was Head Master of Marlborough College. He was a Select Preacher to the University of Cambridge in 1860 and Hulsean Lecturer in 1870; became a Canon of Westminster, and Rector of St. Margaret's, in 1876, having been appointed one of the Queen's Chaplains some years before, and was appointed to the Archdeaconry at a later date. His earlier literary productions were two or three stories, Eric, or Little by Little, Julian Home, and St. Winifred's, designed to illustrate the moral and religious training of boys at public school; treatises of Greek grammar, and philological treatises called The Origin of Language and Families of Speech, revised and connected in the edition of 1878, besides volumes of sermons, The Fall of Man, The Silence and the Voices of God, and The Witness of History to Christ, being the Hulsean Lectures of 1870. In 1869 he wrote, for the Sunday Library, a series of biographical sketches, called Seekers after God, displaying a strong talent for religious biography, which induced Messrs. Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, when they projected a book on The Life of Christ, to invite Dr. Farrar to undertake the task. He did so, personally visiting Palestine; and the book, coming out in 1874, obtained great popularity, twelve editions being sold in the first twelvemonth. It was followed by the Life of St. Paul, and by the Lives of several other Apostles, under the title The Early Days of Christianity, written for the same publishers.—*Illustrated London News.*

'Varsity Chat.

The students were not in the best of humor when on Tuesday morning last they arrived at University College and found the doors locked by order of the president. The boys had a couple of "scraps" among themselves last week. In the struggle between the medicals and arts on Tuesday of last week a door had been broken and the authorities were fearful that similar destruction would result if the medicals and arts were allowed to attend the lecture on physics together on Tuesday last. It showed indeed a lack of judgment to have policemen stationed about University precincts. Such actions do not in any way serve to break down the barriers between the students and faculties. The boys says that these "hustles" are only in fun, but they should not be carried too far and cause trouble to all concerned. It was indeed ludicrous to see 500 young men idly sauntering on the lawn because the doors of the college were locked.

*

Mr. English, a graduate of the School of Practical Science of the class of '90, who is occupying a good situation at Patterson, New Jersey, visited the school this week.

*

At the fourth year political science seminary this week papers were read by Mr. H. C. Pope and Mr. R. C. Rose. The latter dealt with the doctrine of absolute monarchy as advocated by Filmer and the former gave a concise account of Lock's treatise in reply to Filmer's doctrine.

*

The reading rooms in connection with the library are now furnished and the hard-working students are making good use of the accommodation provided for them.

*

An unsuccessful attempt was made at the meeting of the Literary Society last week to reduce the membership fee from $1.50 to $1 a year.

*

Mr. W. H. Cossum, B.A., of Colgate University, United States, who is traveling secretary of the Students' Volunteer Missionary Movement, addressed several meetings of the students last week.

*

Mr. F. B. Hellems presided at the meeting of the Modern Language Club on Monday evening. The Life and Works of Carlyle were discussed.

*

The halls and corridors of Knox College are largely deserted for the present. About twenty per cent. of the students are afflicted with typhoid fever and many others fearing they might also be laid low if they remained in the building have taken apartments in the vicinity of the college. The whole drainage system about the building is being repaired, and it is hoped that the cause of the fever will soon be dispelled. The condition of affairs was at one time alarming.

*

The cross-country run took place last week. The course was from Bloor street north of the 'Varsity to the mouth of the Humber river *via* High Park. The prize winners in order of success were as follows: Buckingham, J. E. McAllister, Crawford, Langley, McAllister, Godfrey.

*

The "send-off" which the students gave Prof. Ramsay Wright, M.A., B.Sc., as he was about to leave the city for Germany on Tuesday evening must yet be ringing in his ears. The boys did nobly. They felt that the University and the country would be well represented at Berlin by their distinguished professor. As he mounted the "triumphal car" to address them at the Union Station the cheers from the students almost drowned the sound of the whistle of the shunting engine. The professor assured them that he would do all in his power to find out the properties of the lymph discovered by Dr. Koch for the cure of tuberculosis. The six hundred strong then sang a number of songs and when the train moved off they marched two deep up street.

DRAX ALEEN.

She Had Toiled in Vain

Only a little woman who had planned and toiled in vain.

It is sad when disappointment comes to the strong, but ah! how pitiful when it comes to the weak.

The circuit court was to be opened that day in the old court-house near at hand and she had thought—thrifty little woman that she was—to earn a few dollars, as was her wont, from the jurymen and others who would come there for dinner from day to day.

So she rose early and worked very hard, but cheerily, all the morning cooking for the visitors and singing while she worked, as only a mother can sing, to keep baby from fretting. She did not murmur over all the steps she took, nor all the dishes great and small she had to carry about, but looked the picture of content and bustling helpfulness. And she took as much pride in her work, this little woman, I dare say, as though she were the queen of all the cooks in Paris.

She saw the Judge in his mud-plashed great coat drive by the window of the court-house and the people who had come to the court file slowly up the hill. And she wondered whether the dinner would please them and whether she would have enough for everybody.

She saw too with fancy's eye, I think, the needed help that would reward her toil, and the many things for baby and herself it would enable her to buy.

But, as often happens now-a-days—alas for the good old times when clients were rich and quarrelsome—there were no cases ready to be tried before his Honor. At noon the court was adjourned, and everybody went away, (for your country juryman is tight-fisted enough to drive twenty miles to save the cost of his dinner) and nobody came to sit down at the two long tables which the little woman had made ready.

Ah! there are tragedies in life other than those that kill.—*St. John, N.B., Progress.*

He Loved That Whistle So.

Going to Springfield, the other day, there was seated in the car one of Holyoke's legal lights, accompanied by his wife and six-year old son and heir, whose sole ambition in life at present is to learn to whistle. The window was open, and the boy had been holding on to his hat with one hand for fear it would blow away. The conductor coming in slammed the door, and for an instant the boy let go his hat. His father reached round through the window and whisked it off his head. The boy was disconsolate.

"Look straight ahead and whistle for it and it will come back," said the father.

"I can't whistle, I'm too mad."

"Well, then, I'll try;" and the dignified lawyer whistled a few bars of Annie Rooney, and shortly afterward placed the hat on the boy's head, whose tears were now turned to smiles. Then he stood up in the seat, and snatched his father's new $8 tile from his head, deliberately threw it out of the car window, saying, "Whistle for it again, papa."—*Northampton Journal.*

A Curious Slip.

Railroad President—What does this mean, sir? You have one of the suburban trains leaving a station at 8 o'clock.

Superintendent—I—I thought that was right.

President—Right! Who ever heard of such a thing, sir? You must be crazy! The idea of any suburban train, anywhere, leaving a station exactly on the hour! Make it 7.59 or 8.01.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

The Mystery of the Panelled House

ROMANCE.

By EVERETT GREEN

Author of "My Grave," "Mistress Cicily," Etc.

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CHAPTER XII.

SKATING.

Party feeling between Eagle's Crag and Musgrave Towers had never perhaps run so high as it was doing just at this juncture.

The interchanges of lawyers' letters, bluntness and insolent on the one side and quietly stinging on the other, kept both houses in a constant ferment, and the whole neighborhood was more or less affected by the state of feeling thus engendered.

Whether or not the claim upon the Stormont silver could ever be justified in the eyes of the law, Mr Musgrave could make himself intensely disagreeable over it, and as his point was quite as much to harass his cousin as to obtain the coveted plate, the technical difficulties in his way mattered no thing at all. To bully, and swagger, and threaten, were favorite pastimes of his; he knew very well that each one of the letters concected in his study acted like a fresh sting upon an open wound.

At home, however, Mr. Musgrave met with only a small amount of sympathy. His wife, though entirely at one with him in his desire to annoy the rival house, and to obtain everything to which claim could be laid, was nevertheless anxious at the turn matters were taking, and wished they were not without quite so fast; for Jock was becoming absolutely unmanageable, and she was in daily and hourly fear of some open rupture between him and his father.

Jock did not hesitate to declare his father's cause of action "a vulgar swindle." He was furious at the idea of bickering and quarrelling over a lot of "silver trash," and was quite of opinion that Lord Doversfield's stinging expressions and criticisms were well deserved, and that if his father persisted in going to law it would be a "crying disgrace."

He did not express these sentiments openly as yet, for he had grown up with a wholesome dread of his father that was not shaken off easily, and his mother, to whom he spoke his mind pretty freely, both commanded and entreated that he should keep quiet, and not let these ideas find vent in words.

Jock was not a good hand at playing a game, though he could hold his own if he had desired to do so; but his anger and irritation were visible whenever the subject was mentioned, and it did not take a very keen eye to see that the irritation was not directed against the rival house opposite.

As for Cedric, he never breathed a word upon the subject, and he was altogether so quiet and discreet that Mrs. Musgrave became exceedingly uneasy as to the attainment of her pet project.

Whispers were freely circulated to the effect that Lord Mervyn and Cedric Musgrave were rivals if not open foes; it was known that something very like a rupture had occurred between them at the Hunt Ball, and Mr. Musgrave's delight was so great when he heard this that he had spoken of Cedric in eulogistic terms of Cedric to his wife, and had thereby raised her anxiety and fear to a high pitch.

With Jock hovering on the borderland of defiance, and Cedric apparently coming slowly round to his father's point of view, things were certainly looking serious for the maternal schemer, whose main object in life had been to secure for her own son the heirship of Musgrave Towers. Preposterous as the idea was in theory, yet in practice she had been surprisingly successful, and the subject had been openly broached between her and her husband on more than one occasion.

To see it all cast aside now, and her plans overturned by Cedric's sudden advance in diplomatic caution, was a source of grievous trouble; and yet she had not the courage to take to bring about a better state of things.

Then there kept recurring to her mind Mr. Vansittart's words of the advantage of putting Cedric quietly out of the way. She had never remembered the sinister look upon the man's pale, thin face, it seemed to her as if he were quite capable of an action of that kind if anyone chanced to stand in his path. She had not yet availed herself of his invitation to go and talk things over with him. She shrank, she hardly knew why, from actually disclosing the depth of her own hatred to her step-son; she had a distinct preference for working alone, but if things did not soon take a turn for the better she said to herself that she might do worse than consult Mr. Vansittart. Meantime she made a discovery which she tried to turn to good account in raising suspicions and fears in the mind of her husband with regard to his eldest son.

"Charles," she said to him one day, "do you know I am afraid Cedric is after some mischief. His doings are very odd."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I call it odd when people go about disguised. I cannot believe they would ever do it but for a bad purpose."

Mr Musgrave scowled at her as he asked, impatiently, "And who does go about disguised?"

"Cedric does—when he goes away and stays somewhere else; you know we have always thought that a little suspicious, and he has so many suspicious errands that take him away from home!"

"I don't know, I'm sure. He is his own master. What are you driving at? What do you know?"

"I don't know anything—not even know where he stays; but I do know that he goes about in a low disguise, because I have seen him with my own eyes."

"Where?" and the scowl deepened on the father's face.

"Well, it was like this. You remember the day I lunched at Sefton Rectory?"

"Yes."

"I sent the carriage back, and walked home. I came across the sands a good part of the way, and as I was crossing them I saw a figure in his long brown ulster going into that old ruined Martello tower He did not come out, though another man did, and I thought I would go and see what he was doing. Well, when I got there, there was no sign of Cedric, only his ulster and hat lying on the ground.

"Well, I thought it very odd, and I decided to hide myself and wait and see what happened. There are plenty of nooks one can conceal oneself in, so I sat down in one of these and waited myself as patiently as I could and read quietly—luckily I had a book with me—for an hour or more. Presently I heard footsteps and Cedric's whistle, but for a moment I could not believe that the rough, sailor-looking man who came in was Cedric. He was dressed in sailor's long boots and guernsey and sou'-wester, and had a short, thick, red beard and a lot of carroty hair. But when he got inside the tower he pulled off his wig and beard and stuffed them into his pocket, hid the old sou'-wester in the ulster, and put on his own hat and coat and walked away looking just like himself, for even his boots were pretty well hidden then. When he was gone I went too; and I think it is a very odd way for anybody to behave."

Mr. Musgrave thought so too. A doubt crossed his mind as to whether it were possible his son continued in a clandestine manner a friendship with Lord Mervyn that he had appeared to abandon; but not even to his wife did he name this suspicion, only brooding over it in silence, and nursing his wrath alone.

Jock now, skating was all the rage. Christmas had come in with a hard frost; hunting men grumbled, but other people were pleased, for the ice was speedily in prime condition, and, as all the boys and youths of the place were at home for the vacation, it was just the season for some lively outdoor pastime in which all could join.

The lake dividing the two properties of Eagle's Crag and Musgrave Towers was a fine sheet of water that always had been the favorite resort of skaters from time immemorial. The rights of the water were claimed by both houses, and the real law of the question had never been actually settled. Both used it for boating and bathing purposes, and resented the other side, calling them trespassers and poachers; both invited parties of friends at skating time, and inveighed against the "tag, rag and bobtail" brought upon the water by the others. But all this was taken as a matter of course, and rather afforded food for mirth for spectators.

The ice was crowded as usual, one bright afternoon in Christmas week. It seemed as if the whole place had gathered upon the lake, and very pretty skating was to be seen in many quarters, as the graceful figures skimmed along and performed wonderful evolutions of practiced skill.

The palm for really finished skating always lay between Mervyn and Cedric, whose travels had given them the advantage of Canadian winters, and all the practice which that land of ice affords. A sort of merry rivalry used to go on between the two young men in old days whenever they met upon the ice, and it was thought a little significant that to-day they never so much as approached each other. Mervyn kept resolutely to the half of the lake that lay nearest his father's land, and though Cedric was less punctilious, he contrived to avoid such kind of encounter with his quondam friend, or with any of that household; and when a quadrille was proposed and he found himself accidentally paired off with Louie Mervyn and Patricia, he made some excuse, and changed places with another man, getting himself altogether left out of the set.

"Looks as if they had quarrelled to some purpose."

"It's plain there is ill blood somewhere."

"No wonder with all that is going on between their fathers."

Comments like these were freely handled about, and there was an undefined impression on many minds that Cedric Musgrave had some regular game up between the two young men. Friends who have quarrelled detest one another much more cordially than enemies who have always been such.

Corona only appeared for a short time on the ice, and as she did not skate there was not quite the same scope for open rivalry between her admirers. Both pushed her across the lake in a chair on runners, and both paid court to Maidie when Corona was otherwise occupied. But the heiress did not stay long, and the occurrence that happened almost immediately afterwards banished all minor considerations from the minds of the spectators.

There was one portion of the lake that was never considered quite safe. No explanation had ever been made of the cause for this, but the fact was undeniable. In ordinary frosts that corner never really froze over at all, and the ice when it did freeze was always more or less rotten.

This year, however, the frost had been so hard and so prolonged, that the lake had frozen from end to end, and it was popularly supposed that the tabooed corner was as safe as any other portion.

First a few of the bolder spirits made voyages of discovery across it, and finding all safe encouraged others to do the same, until at length no one was afraid of it any more, and only a few of the most experienced and prudent people there avoided the doubtful stretch.

Jock's virtue was certainly not that of prudence. He had been one of the first to advise the guests that the whole lake was safe, and he seemed to take a positive pleasure in dashing up and down the narrow end, cutting figures, whirling round and round, and generally showing all the world how perfectly safe it was.

Nevertheless it was more amongst the boys and men that his example was followed, and not a great many of the ladies cared to venture where there was still a tradition of danger.

Amongst the girls who were bolder or more careless than the majority was Marjorie, who always followed Jock's lead in everything, and another dainty little figure in velvet and furs, none other in fact than Cicely Castleton.

Cicely was an adept at skating, and a very pretty one, but she was by no means satisfied with her own performances, and was ambitious to excel Jock's feature skating as she did in the easier exercises.

Mervyn had given her all the hints and instruction in his power, and now all that she wanted was a quiet corner in which to practice these new evolutions without interruption.

The extreme corner of the lake afforded by far the best place for such manœuvres, and thither Cicely repaired to practice her figures. She was always very much in earnest over everything she took in hand, and was not very observant of what passed around her.

Now Jock was of the private opinion that Miss Castleton was about the best-looking and altogether most first-rate girl upon the ice that day, and he felt a sort of pride and pleasure in seeing that she had followed his lead and was not afraid of venturing on the ice he had answered for.

He had greatly admired Cicely ever since the tennis matches of the summer, and though he dared not address her, yet he lingered about watching her movements, and was more delighted than he quite cared to own when she chanced to look up and acknowledge his presence by a bow.

He blushed like a boy, but moved a little farther off lest his proximity should annoy the lady. Yet he could not quite keep away and presently, as he had been skating pretty well all the day, and was just a little bit stiff about the feet in consequence, he loosened his skates and stamped about on the bank to get up his circulation, but all the while he never let his eyes wander far away from the neat little figure in velvet and gray, which exercised a decided fascination over Master Jock when he was in its neighborhood.

All at once there was a warning shout and terrible cracking and tearing noise, followed by a succession of piercing shrieks.

In another moment at least half-a-dozen figures were struggling in the water, and one of these—the one most distant from the main body of the lake was that of Cicely Castleton. Jock was so much down in the corner and the dark shadows of the trees, that perhaps no one but Jock was so much as aware of her presence upon the debatable water.

Cicely had never lost her head, and had behaved throughout with a courage for which Jock blessed her in his heart. No one saw these two in this shady corner, all minds were engrossed by the exciting scenes going on nearer to the body of the lake. Practically the two were close together.

Jock had her skates off in a twinkling, and had pulled off her wet jacket also, and made her don his warm overcoat, which had escaped a wetting.

"Now," he said, in a tone of authority, "you must run. I will help you."

"Oh, but wait, is no one else in need of help? Is anyone drowned?"

"I don't think so. There are plenty of ladders and ropes and people to help. You will catch your death if you stand there. Come!"

He took her by the arm, and forced her into a gradually increasing run. At first she was stiff and numb, but the blood began to circulate at last, and before she had reached the garden gate leading to Eagle's Crag, she felt warm and all aglow, and was only encumbered by the weight of her wet clothes.

"I had better not come farther," said Jock, as he held back the gate for her. "I hope you will take no harm."

She scarcely dared looked up at him holding out her hand; her face looked very lovely, he thought, and set his heart beating.

"Good-bye," she said. "I am very grateful to you. I hope some day we may be allowed to be friends."

"I hope so too."

She made him take his coat, and ran quickly up to the house, whilst Jock walked back in the direction of the pond.

CHAPTER XIII.

ANGRY SCENES.

Lord Doversfield was just crossing the park on horseback after a very amusing interview with his local solicitor, in reference to the encroachments of his rapacious neighbor. He had had the reading of some particularly offensive documents, and his invitation had not been soothed by the sight of parties of "Musgrave's people" coming away from the lake, which he regarded as his own private property. Altogether he was in a mood to put up with no trifling.

He had left the great, broad road and taken to the grass for the sake of his horse, and so it happened that as he approached the ring fence that divided park from pasture he encountered to his unspeakable astonishment, Jock Musgrave, who had the air of having comedified from his own house. Moreover, that youth had the hardihood to lift his hat as he met the Earl, just as if no bitter feud existed between the houses, and moreover, as though he had a perfect right to be there.

So irate and astonished was Lord Doversfield that he reined up his horse and angrily demanded what the young man was about there.

"I have had the honor of seeing Miss Castleton home," replied Jock, not without a lurking amusement at the whole situation, and by no means put out at the haughty address which was perfectly natural under the circumstances. Jock knew that the Earl would hear all soon, and was rather amused at the wrath his presence had excited.

But he was not altogether prepared for the next step in the proceedings. Lord Doversfield's face flushed, and he was in defiance of the reply, as well as the young man's insolent bearing (for such it seemed to him) lashed him into that white heat of passion that only such natures as his can feel. He raised his riding-whip and struck Jock a fierce cut across the face—a blow so sharp and so unexpected that he made no effort to ward it off, and it left a long blue and red weal behind it, as well as inflicting severe injury upon one eye.

But Lord Doversfield did not wait to see the result of his stroke; he spurred his horse onwards the moment he had delivered the merited chastisement. Jock, pressing his handkerchief to his face, moved towards the lake in such a tumult of feeling that he knew not what sentiment had the upper hand.

He fondly hoped that the blow had been edge. Cicely had been missed. It was known that she had been last seen in the centre of the dangerous portion of the ice that had now given way, and the greatest fears for her safety were entertained.

Jock was able to lay their fears at rest; he said nothing of his adventure in the park. He thought she had escaped with only a wetting. Mervyn stood by listening to his explanation, and at the end asked him what he had done to his face.

Jock was in too much pain to weigh his words very well.

"Your father did me the honor to blind me with a blow from his riding whip," he said; and the next moment would have given much to recall his words, for there were a good many people standing by, and significant looks went round, as well as comments to the effect that if this were the case more would be heard of it.

Cedric came up and took his brother's arm.

"Why, Jock, man, you are wet through!" he said, observing the state of his clothes beneath the overcoat. "Have you been in the water too? Anyhow you had better come home at once. It's bad for you standing about in the cold."

Jock submitted to the authority of Cedric's manner, indeed he was glad enough to get away. He was angry with himself with having betrayed a thing that might add bitterness to the already bitter feud, and he felt that Cicely Castleton would hear how he had bruited the matter abroad.

"I differ from to say it," he said, as he walked up to the house with his brother. "I'd give anything for the governor not to know."

"I'm afraid that will be impossible now," said Cedric, "but how did it happen?"

Jock told his tale in few words, and took all the blame of the Earl's anger on himself.

"If our father had met—say Kerr—on his place, and had been told he had been seeing Marjorie home, he would hardly have stopped short at a single blow."

Cedric hoped in his heart that such a catastrophe as that might not one day occur. He had his own suspicions about Marjorie and Keith, but Jock spoke in all ignorance.

The brothers reached the house, and let themselves in by the turret door; but when they reached Cedric's room he saw at once that they must have a doctor's opinion upon that injured eye. It was so inflamed that Jock was growing rapidly distracted, and as soon as Cedric got him out of his wet clothes, and induced him to take to his bed, he was obliged to go down to suggest that medical assistance should be procured.

Rumor, however, had been beforehand, and news of the accident, grossly exaggerated, had already reached the ears of the parents. Mrs. Musgrave flew to Jock the moment she learned that he was in the house, whilst Mr. Musgrave stormed up and down the house breathing threats of every description against the author of this gross outrage.

Very soon the news was all over the place, and a pretty story altogether was made of it.

Miss Castleton's life had been saved by the gallant courage of Jock Musgrave, and in return for this favor he had been assaulted by Lord Doversfield, and so far had injury reached state. One eye was quite gone, and the sight of the other greatly impaired, and the injury following on the severe chill had brought on fever that threatened his life.

People who had always sided before with Lord Doversfield's family in the quarrel hitherto, now began to go over to the other side; public opinion set violently against the Eagle's Crag party; and the ill-feeling towards them which had long been smouldering in some obscure quarters, now gathered fresh force, and heard in many sinister mutterings of hatred and discontent.

It began to be openly discussed whether or not the matter would be taken up publicly, and a summons for assault lodged against Lord Doversfield, or whether Cedric would take up his brother's quarrel and fasten some insult upon Lord Mervyn.

It was felt that if the good old days of duelling were not past and over, some sort of bloodshed would occur before the matter was finally settled, but for the present there was nothing to do but to wait and watch, which the neighborhood did with great expectancy, feeling positive that some kind of food for their appetites would be afforded ere long.

As a matter of fact, Jock's illness was magnified ten-fold by report. He was never seriously ill at all, but he had taken a chill upon his wetting, and a sharp attack of rheumatism followed, with some fever, which, however, never ran high.

His eye was not really injured, that is to say the sight was not endangered, but perfect rest was strenuously enjoined for a month, it was easier to manage him by keeping him entirely to bed than by admitting any kind of compromise between illness and health. He was forced to submit to this life for a time, but he said and thought he grumbled and protested, authority was too strong for him.

Cedric went little abroad just now, save on the occasions when he might chance to encounter Corona. He kept a good deal upstairs, amusing Jock in any way he could think of, and he heard, therefore, less of what was going on in the outside world than he otherwise would have done.

It came upon him quite unexpectedly then that the billiard tournament in which he had been playing for some time, was to be finished upon a certain day at Patricia's house, and that he and Lord Mervyn were the two successful champions who would have to play out the final ties.

Gerald seemed to think there might be something awkward in this, and came to consult Cedric about it. It would be an unsatisfactory thing to close the tournament without the final ties; but he would rather gather than face Cedric to a meeting that would be distasteful to him under the circumstances. He had commissioned Jock to write to Cedric to hear the decision with Cedric, and he had brought the latter a note from the viscount, which was opened and read upon the spot.

"Tell Lord Mervyn," said Cedric, looking up from the letter which he was now burning on the hearth, "that it shall be exactly as he says. I will meet him at your house, and we will play out the final ties."

Gerald looked keenly in his face, but could not really read him.

"You will have a large audience," said he, with a smile. "The final tie is always the event of the season."

"The more the better," answered Cedric, carelessly, and Gerald departed not quite certain whether to be glad or sorry at the decision reached.

Cedric said nothing at home of the proposed match when he started off to fulfil the engagement. He would wait and see what chanced before he let Jock know that he and Lord Mervyn were about to meet as friends or foes.

There was quite a crowd of spectators to see the match, which evoked much interest, both on account of the play certain to be witnessed, and because of the strained relations supposed to exist between the two champions.

Patricia was a little nervous when the day actually arrived. She was glad that Mervyn arrived early, and that his manner was as cool and calm and unemotional as ever. She did not like to ask any direct question, but she was reassured by the feeling that he at least bore no ill-will towards his antagonist.

Guests arrived quickly, and almost last of all, came Cedric. He shook hands with Mervyn as coolly enough, but there were some sharp eyes whose owners declared afterwards they had detected from the first that the young Viking meant mischief.

All went smoothly for a while. The play was exceedingly good, and the match promised to be so closely contested that the spectators were becoming quite excited.

And then the stroke occurred which led to the quarrel of which so much was heard in the days that quickly followed.

Mervyn's ball was in hand, and he played a hazard into the middle pocket. Before he could proceed farther Cedric stepped forward.

"That was a foul stroke."

Mervyn raised his eyes and looked full at the speaker.

"I beg your pardon," he said, speaking very deliberately, "did you speak?"

"I did. I said that that was a foul stroke. My ball was in baulk."

"Umph!" said Mervyn, leaning on his cue, and then deliberately chalking it.

The umpire came hurrying up. He was a genial, fat fellow, a favorite with all everyone, and from time immemorial he had been umpire on such occasions. But perhaps from that very fact he had grown somewhat careless and lax, and when Mervyn's foul stroke had been made his eyes and thoughts had been far enough from the billiard table.

"Umph," said he, "how was it about that last stroke of mine; was it fair or foul?"

"I—I—well, to tell the truth, Lord Mervyn, I am afraid I was not looking."

"It was a foul stroke," reiterated Cedric.

"Did you observe whether or not Mr. Musgrave's ball was in baulk?"

"I am really very sorry, gentlemen; I am greatly to be blamed; but I fear I do not know. But surely the spectators can form an opinion. Let us take the judgment of the majority."

"Certainly not," said Mervyn, with a slight bow. "I am not at all afraid of such a judgment. The ball was most assuredly in play. My stroke was perfectly fair."

He looked at Cedric with eyes that were well opened, and which seemed full of cool disdain.

Cedric's head was thrown back, his face was flushed. He looked as if he meant fighting, and his words did not belie his looks.

"I say again that the stroke was foul," and then a meeting look crossed the face, and was added in a peculiarly significant and incisive way, "Foul strokes seem to run in Lord Mervyn's family!"

There was no mistaking that the gauntlet was thrown down now. There was dead silence in the room, and all eyes were fixed upon the Viscount standing face to face with Cedric. Even Patricia's wonted tact and courage failed her, and she could think of no way to interpose, and none of the guests would have ventured to speak a word.

Cedric was flushed, Mervyn very pale. After a few moments he looked up to say:

"Will you take back that word?"

"No; I will not. I will repeat it if you like."

"You are prepared to abide by the consequences?"

"Certainly."

Mervyn laid down his cue, and walked up to the hostess.

"Miss Richmond," he said in a voice that everyone could hear, "after the recent occurrence you can hardly expect me to finish this match. We leave it entirely in your hands, and meant out it was with the understanding that my antagonist should be a gentleman. Good afternoon. I shall see you again this evening."

Lord Mervyn departed amid dead silence, and Cedric watched him go, and turned back to the table with a short laugh. Then a great confusion of voices rose in discussion of this knotty point as to the stroke, but the majority were of opinion that the ball was in play; and after the second champion had departed, much to spectatorship, people spoke out plainly in discussing his conduct, and declaring that he must have been deliberately seeking a quarrel, or he never would have acted so. It was utterly unlike Cedric, so much so that many people thought he must surely have been drinking.

Mr. Vansittart, who had come in alone to watch the end of the tournament, looked round with his peculiar smile.

"I think, gentlemen," he said very quietly, yet so as to be heard by all the company, "that in all probability this is not the last we shall hear of this quarrel."

(To be Continued.)

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Eli Perkins being asked a suitable line to place on the tombstone of a man who had been in the grate business, suggested, "Joined the grate majority."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Scientific Success.

Citizen—Did the amputation do the man any good?

Doctor—Oh, no! but it was a beautiful operation.—*Puck.*

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Can save half the hard work, good and cost half the money. Makes clothes sweet, snowy-white, never yellow. Contains not a drop of rosin, not a handful of lye, but soft soap whiter than the finest castile. No boiling or scalding. Remarkable! Try it! READ THE DIRECTIONS ON THE WRAPPER.

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Many so-called diseases are simply symptoms of Catarrh, such as headache, partial deafness, losing sense of smell, foul breath, hawking and spitting, nausea, general feeling of debility, etc. If you are troubled with any of these or kindred symptoms, your have Catarrh, and should lose no time in procuring a bottle of Nasal Balm. Be warned in time, neglect fold in head results in total deafness, and often leads to consumption and death. Nasal Balm is sold by all druggists, or will be sent, post paid, on receipt of price (50 cents and $1.00) by addressing

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CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint, but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

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BY MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON

Author of "Max," "That Dowdy," "Queen Bess," "Sibyl's Influence," "The Forsaken Bride," "Brownie's Triumph," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TANE CAMERON FINDS HIS MATE.

"That was not a very encouraging beginning," Violet murmured, looking disappointed as she heard the lock click again into its socket; "it is very evident that Sarah means to preserve her armor impenetrable to all blandishments; but she does love flowers, for she looked hungry for them, and the color rushed into her face when I told her she should have some; so there must be a soft spot somewhere in her nature, and I must try and find out my way to it."

If she could have seen the woman as she paused a moment at the top of the stairs to put her face down to the beautiful buds and blossoms, while she eagerly inhaled their fragrance, she might not have thought her armor so impenetrable as it had seemed.

"The little goose imagines that she is going to pull the wool over my eyes," Sarah muttered, with a suppressed laugh, as she went on her way, "but I've too much at stake to let her do that, though she's given Johnnie, poor boy, a treat in these posies that he's never had afore."

"Johnnie, poor boy!" was a little cripple, her only child, who had never walked a step, but was obliged to lie or sit all day, amusing himself as best he might, while his mother went out to earn what she could for their support. She loved him tenderly, was constantly planning some little pleasure for him, and her heart fairly glouted over these beautiful flowers which she knew would so delight him.

About half an hour later, she brought Violet the night-robe that she had promised, together with a cosy new brush, comb, and tooth-brush, and the young girl was sure that her manner was a little less busque than before.

She replenished the fire, swept up the hearth, snuffed the candles, and then asked Violet if there was anything more that she could do for her.

Violet would have been glad to have her remain in the room all night, for she could not bear to think of sleeping alone in that strange house; but she could not bring herself to share her bed with her, so she told her no, thanking her for what she had done, and after she was gone, crept into her bed to try and forget herself in sleep.

We shall now have to glance back several weeks in order to gather up some stray threads of our story before we can go on with the plot.

We have already learned that Lord Cameron was in this country.

He had come to America in the latter part of the fall to look after some interests which he still had in New York, and to spend a little time with Wallace, between whom and himself a strong friendship existed.

After his arrival, the life of the young architect had not been quite so quiet and monotonous as before. Lord Cameron was widely known in the fashionable circles of New York, and he was of course eagerly sought after, when it was learned that he was in the city.

He not only accepted many of the invitations showered upon him, but secured like favors for his friend.

Wallace at first flatly refused to accompany him into society, but the young earl finally overcame his objections, and prevailed upon him to go with him occasionally.

His first appearance was at a drawing room musicale given in one of the up-town palaces, where, it was said, some of the best amateur talent in New York was to favor the select audience that had been invited.

Lord Cameron and his friend arrived a little late, to find that every seat was taken, and that there was scarcely standing-room; but just as they were trying to edge their way into the great room they suddenly paused spellbound at the sound of a marvelously sweet voice which at that moment began to render a difficult air from a popular opera.

There was not a sound in the room save those clear, flexible tones, as they thrilled forth in rich melodious measure, holding every listener in rapt attention.

"Who can she be?" whispered Lord Cameron to Wallace, as the voice ceased, and the orchestra took up a few measures of interlude. "Can you see her?"

They were near the door, and the huge pillar that supported the arch above them concealed the singer from their view.

"Yes," Wallace answered, craning his neck for a better glimpse, "I can see a very lovely lady of medium height and graceful form, with an exquisite complexion, star-like eyes—whether light or dark I cannot tell at this distance—and golden-brown hair."

"I am glad to hear that she is lovely, for any one with such a voice should be nothing else," replied Lord Cameron, and then the magic voice took up the air again, and the two friends stood breathless until it finished.

The enthusiastic applause that followed told that delighted audience would not be appeased until they had been favored again by the divine voice, and during the excitement which prevailed over this *encore*, Wallace and Lord Cameron managed to get a little farther into the room, where the latter could now also command a view of the stage.

The songstress returned after a few moments, smiled and bestowed an appreciative little bow upon her audience, and then, in the most simple and unassuming manner, sang that charming little Irish ballad, Come back to Erin.

"Who is she?" whispered Lord Cameron to an acquaintance whom he saw near him, while his face was all aglow, and his eyes shone like stars.

"Miss Agnes Humphrey, a noted soprano in one of our city churches; charming, isn't she?" was the reply.

"Indeed she is," Lord Cameron answered, and he mentally resolved that he would obtain an introduction to Miss Humphrey before the evening was over.

The lady sang once more before the entertainment was concluded, and even more acceptably than before, after which she graciously responded to another *encore*, and when the programme was concluded, Lord Cameron sought his hostess and begged to be presented to the prima donna of the evening.

Mrs. Van Vort readily complied with his request, and, judging from his lordship's conduct after that ceremony had been performed, he was even more pleased with Miss Humphrey personally than he had been with her as a singer.

Wallace was also presented to her, and found her a sweet, womanly woman, whom he felt he would be a pleasure to know more intimately.

They met her in society frequently after that, and it soon became evident that the young Earl of Sutherland had conceived something more than a friendly interest in her. At the end of three months he gravely informed Wallace that he had asked Miss Humphrey to become his wife, and she had accepted him.

"I am glad," Wallace answered, warmly, yet not without some visible emotion, for of course each knew that the other was thinking of Violet. "It is as it should be, Cameron, and I am sure that Miss Humphrey will make you a true and loving wife. She is a lady in every respect and will honor, both by her dignity and accomplishments, the position which you will give her. You do not need to have me tell you that I wish you all the happiness that a man can know in this world."

"I wish I could be as sure of your future happiness, Richardson, as I am of my own," Lord Cameron returned, as he clasped the hand that his friend had extended to him.

"It will come in the unknown future, perhaps," Wallace gravely responded, and his companion was sure that love for no woman save the one he had lost, would ever fill his heart.

Lord Cameron had intended to return to England by the last of January, but his betrothal to Miss Humphrey now changed his plans.

He succeeded in convincing his bride-elect that there was no wisdom in a long engagement, and that it would be for their mutual interest to have their marriage solemnized at an early date, and then sail immediately for their English home.

It was therefore arranged that the wedding should occur about the middle of April, and at once preparations were accordingly set on foot for the great event.

It was the social event of the season, and there was a great deal said about the "splendid match" which Miss Humphrey had made.

The lady herself belonged to a fine, although not a notably wealthy family, at least as wealth is estimated in these days of millionaires.

She had been educated, and allowed the best advantages in music, for which she showed great love and marked talent, and having made herself proficient in the art, she devoted it to a noble cause, giving her services to the church where she worshiped, and often for the benefit of charitable objects.

She was beautiful in person and character and was generally beloved in the circles where she moved. Many people felt that they would lose a dear personal friend when she should leave for her new home, whilst almost every one acknowledged that she was eminently fitted to grace the high position to which she was going.

Many thought that it was very strange she should have lived to be twenty-three years of age and never have met any lover whom she could love well enough to marry. But such was the fact. No one had ever touched her heart, until that evening of her introduction to Lord Cameron, when she had instantly been attracted as strongly to him as he to her.

The young earl had no secrets from her. When he told her of his affection for her, he also confided to her his former attachment to Violet, with the story of its romantic and tragic ending, and Agnes Humphrey instead of feeling that she had not won all that she ought to have of this grand man's love, felt that this very confidence—this opening of the innermost recesses of his heart—was the omen of even a deeper love for her than any he had ever experienced for another.

Many a woman with less depth of character would have been jealous and suspicious of a first love that had taken such a strong hold upon him; but she sweetly ignored self, and resolved to so fill his future with her devotion, that his wound would be healed, and his heart finally yield itself wholly to her.

"She must have been very lovely," she remarked, while they were talking of Violet, "and what a sad, sad fate for one so young. I wonder—"

She broke off suddenly, while her thoughts flew instantly to the beautiful girl who had clasped her hand so gratefully at Bertha Lawrence's funeral, and who, looking down upon her with dewy eyes and quivering lips, had thanked her with such sweet earnestness for the comfort which her gift of song had given her.

"You wonder what, dear?" Lord Cameron asked, curious to know why she had cut herself short all at once.

"I know a Miss Huntington—or at least I have met her—who seems very like the Violet whom you have described, and, strangely enough, her initials are V. D. H. I was wondering if she might not possibly be a relative of hers."

"I think not," Lord Cameron replied, with not a suspicion of the truth; she had no relatives that I know of in New York. Has this Miss Huntington been at any of the receptions that we have attended?"

He thought it would be pleasant to see any one who resembled Violet, while he suddenly remembered the face that Wallace had seen in the passing carriage in London.

"I think she does not go into society at all," Miss Humphrey responded, "and I have never met her but twice. She was governess to a little blind girl who died, and at her request I sang at the child's funeral. She thanked me in such a sweet, touching way, that I was so drawn toward her, and wished that I could know her better. I have never seen her since, though I have been tempted to call upon her, for I think I should enjoy her friendship."

Lord Cameron also felt an unaccountable desire to know more of this young girl, but he told himself that it was a mere coincidence, and nothing more was said of Violet at this time.

A little later, when the startling account of her sudden disappearance was published in the papers and a large reward offered for tidings of her, he was again considerably exercised. But he thought it was only because of the strange correspondence of the name, and that for the moment dream but that the girl whom he had helped to lay beneath the great beech at Mentone, was the one whom he had loved and mourned.

As it happened, Wallace was away for a few days at this time, having been called to Chicago on important business. This was the reason why he did not see the first startling reports of Violet's disappearance; but, a little later, he read just a paragraph referring to the "mysterious disappearance of Miss Huntington," and calling attention to the fact that as yet nothing had been learned regarding her.

He showed this to Lord Cameron, but that gentleman, wishing to spare Wallace a renewal of the old grief, made some indifferent reply and the subject was dropped.

Preparations went steadily on for the young earl's marriage with Miss Humphrey. He had written to his mother regarding his engagement and begged that she would come to New York to be present at his wedding.

She responded with delighted congratulations and stated that she would be with him within a month, for she wished to make the acquaintance of his bride-elect as soon as possible.

She had been greatly pleased with Agnes's picture and his lordship's description of her, and she was very happy to know that Vane's life would, after all, be complete—that the grand old home in Essex would not be desolate after she was gone, for the want of a mistress; while, too, she was delighted upon her own account, for her heart had long yearned for the companionship of a daughter.

(To be Continued.)

We have a very fine stock of Opera Glasses, Opera Fans, Curb Chain Bracelets, Curb Chain Rings—just the thing for Xmas presents. Brown's, 110 Yonge street.

Watch and Compass Combined.

An ingenious American in London has discovered the interesting fact that all watches are compasses. If the hand indicating the hour be pointed towards the sun, the south will be found half-way between the hour and the figure XII. For example, at eight o'clock, point the hour hand to the sun and the south will be found in the direction of the figure X. It is said that Stanley did not know this, and was much interested in the fact which might prove of great service to an explorer.

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Hat and Spurs.—Energy, imitation and decisive will.

Flora May.—You are a little suspicious, egotistical and impulsive.

Gipsy Queenie.—Impulsive, undecided, genial, careless and merry-hearted.

Dolly.—You little nuisance the "fs," "cs" and "quirls" were forgotten.

Charelle.—Precise, patient, orderly, reserved, somewhat cold in manner and just.

Frank.—This writing indicates enterprise, some vanity, sincerity and resolution.

Ewen, Quebec.—You are courageous, self-reliant, generous, self-opinionated, and persevering.

Nemo.—You are generous, self-satisfied, merry-hearted, carelessly content and rather obstinate.

Patty.—No, do not go alone. Writing shows persistent will, generosity, reserve and self-importance.

Midnoxette, St. Thomas.—You are energetic, vivacious, merry-hearted at all times, resolute and self-willed.

Buzz G., James and Gipsy.—This shows great power of endurance, directness of effort, self-esteem and ambition.

Bar—Decisive, somewhat jealous-natured, have under disappointment, vivacious and possessing a temperamental anger.

Kitsey.—Orderly, courageous, practical, self-depreciating and too willing to coincide with others' opinions and plans.

Lafayette.—Ambition, energy, self-reliance, perseverance, self-esteem, mirth and generosity are shown in your writing.

W. M. Magic.—Originality, candor, tact, order, courage and intuitive perception are strongly marked in this writing.

Avel.—Decision, self-will, energy, tact, originality, fearlessness and intuitive discernment are marked in your writing.

Prince.—You are impulsive, irrepressible, mirthful and happy, careless, self-sufficient and thoughtful for the comfort of others.

Florence S.—You are very orderly, rather slow in speech, bright, merry, original, of luxurious tastes, gentle in manner, but decided to obstinacy.

Louisa, Quebec.—This writing displays carelessness, some indecision, inclination to be discontented, affectionate disposition and some vanity.

Helen.—This writing exhibits strong imaginative power, ambition, self-reliance and self-esteem with good order and intuition. 2 I should say—"Yes"

Katrina.—Your writing shows the same prominent characteristics as Susan Maria's though indeed it is little more self-will. Your query will be answered fully next week.

Magcap.—Without knowing any of the circumstances I have a most decided opinion that the young lady is in the wrong. The writing indicates jealousy, reserve, caution, vanity and a suspicious temper.

G. Sand.—Your letter fulfilled the simple conditions required. I shall be glad to answer any questions you may wish me to ask you with. In your writing I see perseverance, a habit of underrating your own powers, much tenderness and good, practical ability.

R. A. Y., Montreal.—No, it makes but little difference. You are precise in business arrangements, orderly and possessed of excellent tact. Ambition, energy, and great sense of decorum are also marked. Should imagine you were vivacious but to an hilarious degree.

Pancosia.—No, your guess was not correct. Of course you must know that anything of the kind will lead one to form conclusions. Your writing is indicative of determination, considerable thought, self-reliance, some inclination to melancholy, enthusiasm and spasmodic gaiety.

Leo.—Am sorry your delineation did not appear, but glad that you found something in the other record. This shows high sense of honor, good intuitive perception, some carelessness, a tendency to be low-spirited and too cautious, with perfect candor. The engraving is from a photograph of Maude Branscombe.

Long and Short.—I mailed you the photographs on receipt of the number of your P. O. Box. It is quite unnecessary to send full names with portraits. Any address which will find you, suits me. 2 I long to decline the honor of being voted into the punster's paradise and I protest against too charge.

Alfonso.—Your writing displays a happy and contented disposition with considerable inclination to indolence, but more slowly and consider thoroughly. You are somewhat self-willed but generous. 2 The writing of Lelia S. displays order, fearlessness, independence of thought and action, content, unselfishness and activity.

Clarina, Riverside, Ont.—Your enclosures are rather small, but I will tell you all I can. No. 1 shows order, reserve, kindness of heart, generosity, tact and perseverance, with pride and some vanity. No. 2 shows determination, much tenderness, self-esteem and tact. 3 On the contrary, I think quite differently from you on the subject Clarina's disposition, but—don't flirt.

Susan Maria asks me if I do not think that "country girls are always prettier than city girls." Not always, though of course the pure air and the fresh fare which are supposed to be always found in the country are conducive to good health and therefore to good looks. Your writing is indicative of order, good intuition, simplicity of tastes and faithfulness in friendship.

J. H. T., Winnipeg.—It is probably on account of poor health that your hair is falling out. I have a good deal of faith in persistent brushing, exquisite cleanliness, and a thorough rubbing into the scalp of some simple lotion like bay rum and water. The rubbing with the fingers is of the utmost importance. Your writing points to joviality, generosity, some indecision, fair self-reliance and some self-esteem.

Nancy, Morrisburg.—If it had been necessary I should have given you the concisest some soothing syrup—just this once in order to say something "nice" as you requested. Your writing shows activity, independence and a light heart. You are a little whimsical, self-willed, but unselfish. The enclosed writing is that of a man, ambitious, self-reliant, free-handed, boisterously merry, but faithful in friendship.

Annie Laurie.—Better not accept it. You are original, determined, calculating in disposition, rather reserved, simple in tastes, generous but not too free-handed, inclined to be strictly just—too just to be a general favorite. Regarding the other matters I do not like to speak positively. You can tell so much better yourself. For the tendency to "scrawlings" take ten minutes' practice of easy calligraphy each morning upon rising in a freshly-aired room.

Dot, Whitby.—I'm an ogre, Dot, no doubt of it. I never meant to think so, but the correspondents insinuate it so often that I'm about convinced. Your writing shows tenderness, a very healthy strong will of your own in a small dose for ostentation. You are probably a little eccentric, inclined to be self-sufficient, and I should not wonder if you sometimes became very "blue." As to that queer enclosure, with initials that I could not put in their proper place in the alphabet—I small a mouse.

The latest issues in the popular Red Letter Series of select fiction are: Sowing the Wind, by Mrs. E. Lynn Linton; A Black Business, by Hawley Smart; Violet Vyvian, M. P. Vol. I., by May Crommelin and J. Moray Brown; The Rival Princess, by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed. All the best books are to be found in the Red Letter Series, for sale by bookseller everywhere.

Try This.

Here are some sentences which rival the celebrated "Peter Piper's Peck of Pickled Peppers," in testing the agility of the tongue:

Gaze on the gay gray brigade.

The sea seaseeth and it sufficeth us.

Say, should such a shapely sash shabby stitches show?

Strange strategic statistics.

Give Grimes Jim's gilt gig-whip.

Sarah in a shawl shoveled soft snow softly.

She sells sea-shells.

Smith's spirit flask split Philip's sixth sister's fifth squirrel's skull.

How He Liked It.

New York Waiter—How do you like your steak, sir? rare?

Lord Albert Hall—Ah, no; plentiful!—*Puck.*

How They Carry Money.

One of the queerest sights is to see how different immigrants carry their money. Most English immigrants carry their coin in a small case, attached to a chain, which they keep in a pocket as they would a watch. Irishmen always have a little canvas bag in which notes and coin are crammed together. Irish girls, on the other hand, generally have their money sewed on the inside of their dresses. Germans carry their money in a belt around their waist, and the belt is usually an elaborate and costly affair, no matter how poor the immigrant may be. The French mostly carry a small brass tube in which they can place forty or fifty twenty franc pieces and remove them very readily one at a time. There are very few Italians who do not carry a large tin tube in which they keep their paper money or silver coins, and this tube is hung round their neck by a small chain or cord. Swedes and Norwegians are sure to have an immense pocket-book that has generally been used by their fathers and grandfathers before them, and which has in it enough leather to make a pair of boots. The Slavonians and Hungarians carry their money in their long boots, together with a knife, fork and spoon.

At the Children's Festival.

Dean Bargoe.—Our little friend, Sissy Milliken, will now give us a recitation called The Midnight Cataract of Niagara. Now, don't be afraid, Sissy.

Sissy.—Boo-hoo-o-o-o-hoo-oo!

The Deacon.—I think I was wrong in calling it a recitation, brethren. I should have said "imitation."—*Puck.*

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Josh Billings' Wisdom.

In Bible times, when Balem's ass spoke, it waz a mirakle; but the daze ov mirakles are over, and the gratest asses we hav in these times are the gratest talkers.

A Practical Difference.

In former days, when railroad accidents were not matters of daily occurrence, it used to be said that the difference between a schoolmaster and a railroad conductor was that one trained the mind and the other minded the train.—*N.Y. Ledger.*

Out of Town.

BARRIE.

(The following items were crowded out last week.)

Mrs. Baker of Sunnyside entertained a number of friends last Friday, November 14, at a delightful impromptu evening in honor of her guest, Miss Edith Matheson of Montana. The house had been carefully arranged in every respect, from the large drawing room, in which a beautifully waxed linen had been spread, down to the little nooks and corners which are enjoyed by non-dancers. Dancing was continued until an early hour, when the guests bade adieu to their hostess and her assistants. Those present were Miss Schreiber, Mr. H. and Miss Kortright, Mr. Chapman, the Misses B. and T. Mason, Mr. F. Hornsby, Mr. H. Wyatt of Toronto, Miss Reiner, Mr. W. A. Boys, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. T. and Miss K. Boys, Mr. H. Hart, Mr. W. and Miss Spry, Miss G. Watson of Hamilton, Messrs. A. and H. Giles, Miss Bird, Mr. F. Hewson, Miss Cotter, Mr. L. McCarthy, Mr. Magbee, Dr. W. A. Ross, Miss M. Daly, Mr. Saunders, Miss Spotton, Mr. F. Crease and Mr. W. Cotter.

Miss Kortright recently gave a very nice driving party. About twenty young people availed themselves of this pleasure and filled one van. They drove out to Crown Hill and back, than had supper at Hillside and danced for a few hours, when they dispersed, all delighted with the evening's enjoyment.

Miss Edith Pepler left a short time ago to spend the winter with relatives in Toronto.

Miss Maude Ramsay of Orillia was the guest of Mrs. Mason of Harr Hall this week.

Mrs. McKeggie of Inglenook gave an afternoon At Home recently for her guest Miss Lampman of Ottawa. Quite a number of young people were invited to remain in the evening for a few hours of dancing and cards.

Sir Cornelius and Lady Kortright, Miss Major and Miss Ida Kortright spent two weeks in St. Catharines.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Morton of Hamilton were the guests of Mrs. Daniel Spry for a few days lately.

Miss Schreiber left a few days ago to visit her sister, Mrs. F. E. B. Johnson, in Toronto.

OCULAIRE.

Coming Amusements.

The Charity Ball by De Mille and Belasco, which will be presented at the Grand Opera House the first three nights of next week is entering its second year, having first been produced by Mr. Daniel Froman, at his New York Lyceum Theater, November 18, 1889, where it ran uninterruptedly for two hundred consecutive nights, to full houses. Chicago, St. Louis, and all the eastern cities of the States have declared The Charity Ball among the best works of modern times. The scenes are laid in New York, and throughout the four acts there is a mingling of bright, sparkling comedy with a vein of tender pathos. The theme permits of many rich and tasteful toilettes, handsome stage settings, etc., and each character will be represented by players specially engaged for their respective roles. All the scenery will be brought and the presentation promises to be among the most important of this winter's amusements.

Remember J. W. Bengough's Crayon and Comedy entertainment in Association Hall next Friday evening.

Miss Kyle, who has removed her dressmaking parlors from Wellington street west to 257 College street, is now prepared to make stylish gowns of excellent fit. Newest designs followed and particular attention paid to details and suitability of trimmings.

The latest addition to the ranks of Toronto photographers is Messrs. J. C. Walker & Co., who have purchased Mr. Dixon's business at the corner of Yonge and Temperance streets. Messrs. Walker & Co. have for a number of years conducted a successful business in the city of Brantford, and the excellent quality of work shown by them should bespeak them the patronage of our best citizens. Their studio is furnished with all the most modern appliances.

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Young Mooncalf—Do you know, Miss Wosy, that—aw—that I've been weflecting a gweat deal weecently, and I've hawl a mind—I've—aw—hawl a mind— Miss Rosy—Never mind repeating it, Mr. Mooncalf; it's far above the popular estimate, but I'll concede you that much.

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ACT IV.—The sitting-room, morning of Memorial Day, 1889.

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AT 3 O'CLOCK P.M.,

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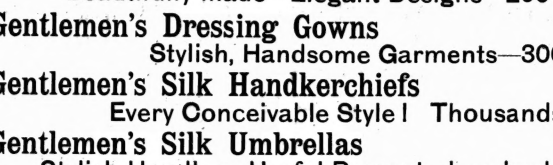

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To be had from the Committee.

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Births.

HARKINS—At Toronto, on November 16th, Mrs. J. A. Harkins—a daughter.
GERMAN—At Welland, on November 25, Mrs. W. M. German—a son.
CASHMAN—At Toronto, on November 24, Mrs. J. J. Cashman—a daughter.
MONTIZAMBERT—At St. Mary's, on November 23, Mrs. W. C. Montizambert—a son.
RICHARDSON—At St. George, Ont., on November 22, Mrs. J. R. Richardson—a son.
YOUNG—At Toronto, on November 24, Mrs. W. Young—a daughter.
KING—At Toronto, on November 24, Mrs. Edmund E. King—a daughter.
HAYNES—At Toronto, on November 13, Mrs. Walter Goodman Haynes—a son.
MATTHEWS—At Toronto, on November 17, Mrs. H. L. Matthews—a daughter.
BALL—At Toronto, on November 21, Mrs. William Ball—a daughter.
POSTLETHWAITE—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. Colin R. W. Postlethwaite—a daughter, still born.
PATON—At Toronto, on November 19, Mrs. F. F. Paton a daughter.
GOULDING—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. W. Goulding—a daughter.

Marriages.

NELLES—WALKER—At Toronto, on November 26, Charles M. Nelles of Brantford to Ida Walker.
McINTOSH—HAZELTON—At Guelph, on November 26, Hugh F. McIntosh of Toronto to Marie Josephine Hazelton.
HEWISH—RUSSELL—At the residence of the bride's father, 276 Crawford street, Toronto, on November 26, by Rev. R. P. Mackay, Alexander G. Hewish to Maggie, eldest daughter of Mr. John Russell.
MACDONALD—EWING—At Toronto, on November 25, Donald Macdonald to Margaret Helen Ewing.
POWELL—McCUE—At Toronto, on November 18, John J. Power to Minnie McCue.
WILCOX—ABERCROMBIE—At Picton, on November 19, Milford A. Wilcox to Genevieve Abercrombie.
JACK—TATE—At Whitevale, on November 19, John Fleming Jack of New York City to Elizabeth Tate.
HAYES—DOYLE—At Toronto, on November 24, M. J. Hayes to Mary Doyle.

Deaths.

HODSDON—At Toronto, on November 26, Allan Hodsdon, aged 22 years.
LUNNESS—At Chicago, on November 25, Charles Joseph Lunness, aged 15 years.
SCOTT—At Listowel, on November 21, youngest daughter of J. W. and Sarah Scott, aged 2 years.
WILLIAMS—At Hamilton, on November 25, J. M. Williams, aged 72 years.
BARCLAY—At Toronto, on November 23, Mrs. Ross Barclay, aged 76 years.
COOMBE—At East Toronto, on November 22, William Coombe.
PHIPPS—On November 23, youngest son of Arthur Phipps, aged 3 years.
WATSON—At Toronto, on November 23, younger son of Dr. A. D. Watson, aged 1 year.
MATTHEWS—At Montreal, on November 21, Mrs. Maria Matthews.
ALISON—At Toronto, on November 22, James Alison, aged 16 years.
HAINES—At Dixie, on November 22, Annie Haines.
McTAGGART—At Bala, Muskoka, on November 18, Catharine McTaggart, aged 56 years.
GAGEN—At Toronto, on November 21, George John Gagen, aged 71 years.
BERESFORD—At Toronto, on November 25, Mrs. Wm. H. Beresford, aged 63 years.
ARKELL—At Blenheim, on November 21, Carrie Arkell, aged 24 years.
HUME—On November 4, in his 80th year, William Charles Hume, J.P., of Littleton and Ballinvolls, Ovoca, Ireland; formerly of Orillia, Canada. Uncle of Edward Blake and Samuel Hume Blake of Toronto.
NUNN—On November 22, Mrs. Walter Nunn, aged 32 years.
KAAKE—At Toronto, on November 23, Jonas Kaake, aged 76 years.
CAMERON—At Colborne, on November 15, Charles Page Cameron.
BRAGG—At Toronto, on November 21, Francis Bragg, aged 16 years.

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